

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## TENEBRAE.

## SCENE: VICTORIA STREET

The short day wanes, the sunset fills  
the sky

With distant flare of pyre or festival,  
val,

The town is amber, bronze, chalcedony,  
The windows flash upon the upper  
wall.

But as a grave laid open, down below,  
In a gray shadow the gray people  
move.

Suddenly, from a tower amid the  
glow,

The great bell tolls above,  
And in the mastering sound  
The trivial clamors of the day are  
drowned.

*Remember ye the dead,  
Whose hidden graves ye tread,  
Whose words are dumb, whose dust is  
blown abroad.*

*O, soon to join the thronging shadowy  
horde,*

*Unchronicled, unseen, unpitied,  
Pray for the dead!*

The sun is quenched, the lighted win-  
dows close,

And blank as dead men's faces stand  
the walls.

P'nal upon peal, with ringing passion-  
ate blows,

Upon the iron town their hammer  
falls.

It seems to shatter our low skies, and  
bring

The stars beyond the smoke before  
our sight.

The silence that engulphs our question-  
ing,

The challenge of the night,  
Our dust-bound souls to rend,  
Crying: Remember, God, the darkness,  
and the end.

*Remember ye the dead,  
O hearts uncomforted!  
From sin and aspiration and despair,  
Secular sorrow, momentary care,  
Turn, turn your souls whither their souls  
are sped,  
Pray for the dead!*

*Lucy Lyttelton.*

The Nation.

## THE POETS.

'Tis we that gather fuel  
To keep the heart from cold.  
The earth is cold and cruel,  
But in its caverns old  
We dig for Joy the jewel.  
We test for Truth the gold.

Seeds of a single flower  
Are Beauty, Truth, and Love.  
The bloom endures an hour,  
But, scattered from above,  
The seedlings gather power  
And flood the hills with flower,  
And drown in green the grove.

'Tis we that gather fuel  
That keepeth Love from cold.  
The world is cold and cruel,  
But on the churchyard mould  
The daffodils unfold.

The Academy.

M. D. A.

## A MORTGAGED INHERITANCE.

There is a land whose streams did  
wind

More winningly than these,  
Where finer shadows played behind  
The clean-stemmed beechen trees.  
The maidens there were deeper eyed,  
The lads more swift and fair,  
And angels walked at each one's side—  
Would God that I were there!

Here daffodils are dressed in gold  
But there they wore the sun,  
And here the blooms are bought and  
sold

But there God gave each one.  
There all roads led to fairyland  
That here do lead to care,  
And stars were lamps on Heaven's  
strand—  
Would God that I were there!

Here worship crawls upon her course  
But there with larks would cope.  
And here her voice with doubt is  
hoarse

But there was sweet with hope.  
O Land of Peace! my spirit dies  
For thy once tasted air,  
O earliest Loss! O latest Prize!—  
Would God that I were there!

*Anna Bunston.*

The Saturday Review.

## PORTUGAL UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

"Let me see a people and I will tell you their politics!" Perhaps it is a little sweeping, that saying, even if it be suggested by Fletcher of Saltoun's famous wisdom about the songs and the laws of a nation. But it would be idle to deny that there is a most intimate relationship between personality and politics, between the characteristics of a nation and the expression of its life in its politics. A test of this is that what you see in a strange land goes far to enable you to understand what you hear, and those two things are associated in this impression of Portugal, which arises from a recent visit there. You see, and curiosity makes you inquire, and if you are fortunate enough to meet the right, knowledgeable men and women, you may learn a great deal in a little while. There is a third thread of interest in Portugal, its folk and its affairs, for the English visitor; that thread of history which has brought us and it together for centuries, and which led King Edward to speak of the Peninsular State as our "ancient ally." Nay, you may say that Portugal is almost a highroad of English history, so paved is it with English associations and with the bones of English soldiers and sailors. Our text, then, consists of Portuguese personality and Portuguese politics, as they enlighten each other, with the two knit by the old-time English interest which unites us with Portugal under the Republic, as it did with Portugal as a Kingdom.

## I.

The general impression of Portugal which you get from a look about it is that it is a natural democracy, that it must have been a democracy for a long time, although only now has it sent away its ruling house. That thought

brought to me one of those little personal links which connect us individually with foreign countries, for I remembered that Sir George Grey, our most gifted Victorian Pro-consul, was born in Lisbon, and I was fain to think that his splendid democracy may even have been a little match setting a fire to that of Portugal. Grey's father was a colonel with Wellington, and he fell in the bloody fighting at Badajoz. Grey's mother, like the wives of many other officers of the English Peninsular Army, had gone to Lisbon to be near her husband. She was sitting on the balcony of some house overlooking the Tagus when news came that her dashing young colonel had met his death at the head of his regiment. The child, George Grey, was born in those tragic circumstances not long after, and I would have given something to discover the Lisbon house in which he awakened to life, but I could find no guidance to it.

Now that is just a little illustration of the many bonds of personality and history which link us with Portugal, and make a visit to it amazingly interesting, and, in the present state of affairs there, very highly informing. You sail south in a Royal Mail packet, and when you round Cape Ortegal you find yourself on the great ocean road up and down which Nelson chased Villeneuve and the other French admirals. It is a sea road that is full of tragic interest to every son of the British Isles, as he cannot fail to reflect; while being carried past the bare, gaunt Spanish hills which come down to the coast, as if they were inviting bad weather and wrecks. It seems a fitting frontage, that bold Spanish coast, for the hard fighting which it saw in Nelson's time, and there it is to-day, just as it was then, with the

sun shining on it and the clouds drifting down from the north and casting shadows, and the long Atlantic beating in with the hollow roar which Nelson must have known a full hundred years ago.

At Corunna you come very near to those ancient fortunes of Portugal which included our own; and does not the grave of Sir John Moore overlooking the harbor proclaim as much? It stands high, to the right of the town—so quaint, so simple yet in its ways and in its people—and it must be the pilgrimage of every Briton who here steps ashore. It was on a Sunday morning that I saw it, just when all the people of Corunna were coming out from early Mass; picturesque people, some of the men in coats of many colors, nearly all the women in black, with mantillas over their heads and the fine coloring of Spanish beauty in their faces and eyes. History and its bearing upon the Peninsula in our day, cluster around the grave of Sir John Moore. You can almost read it as you stand by that tomb and look across the salt waters to the hills down which he brought his army, and under the shadow of which he embarked it in safety, notwithstanding the hot fighting offered by Napoleon's marshals. Very peacefully does Moore rest in that foreign graveyard, "with his martial cloak around him," and one thought of that line of the imperishable poem, on witnessing the annual swearing in that Sunday morning of the local Spanish conscripts. Here was the martial note with the splendid ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church to keep it company, but happily it was a martial note of peace, not of war, such as Moore knew it at the time of the battle called in English Corunna.

You drop in at Vigo, as Nelson no doubt did many a time, for it has a fine bay with a safe anchorage, and the town looks pleasantly at you from the

hillside. You touch Portugal at once, even there in Spain, because some of the Monarchists who have left their own country since King Manuel fell, are staying in Vigo. You sail on down to the mouth of the Douro, which means Oporto, where, in the Peninsular War, Wellington crossed to the surprise of Soult and took him in the flank. You can see the spot at which the passage was made, a spot now marked by a great bridge whose span is an eloquent expression of the giant task which it was to ford that river in small boats, beneath the possible fire of an enemy so quick and deadly as Soult. Oporto is the industrial city of Portugal, but it has never forgotten, and it never will forget, its military associations. You meet soldiers in its streets in uniforms of various kinds and colors, for Oporto, like every city which has much sun, likes color in dress. You do not meet many priests in the streets, indeed hardly any, and that is a silent testimony to the frowning attitude of the new Republic towards the Roman Church. You walk into the greatest church of the town, and you find it possessed, as it were, by a hollow echo, as if the new spirit which is behind Portugal to-day had entered and disturbed the satisfaction of the old monarchical and clerical spirit. You are taken to see the beautiful banqueting hall, modelled on the famous Alhambra, where King Manuel danced his last dance in Portugal. It is a beautiful hall, gorgeous as Spain and Portugal were under the Moors, and it must have been a fine spectacle to see that room full of the youth and beauty of Oporto, all looking at the young King dancing—his last dance in Portugal, although none then knew it.

A busy, thriving city is Oporto under the Republic, as it was under King Manuel and his predecessors; a city, you think, as you mix among the peo-



ple, which is glad to have peace, but which would not hesitate at a crisis to make war. The workers are not big of stature, but they are well set up, hardy fellows, and if you ask somebody who knows, he will tell you that the modern Portuguese soldier is a man, stumpy and strong, who may be expected to go far and do well. He will not probably give up his cigarette, for every man in Portugal seems to be smoking a cigarette most of the time; just as far too many women, in Oporto anyhow, are carrying heavy loads on their heads—not a pleasant sight from an English point of view. One does not like to see the women of a town working as the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water," but it does give the Portuguese working women a magnificent carriage and air. To carry a load on your head, you must not only step nimbly but you must step with an even, easy, swinging motion. You almost forget your condemnation of the load which burdens an Oporto woman's head, when you see her walk with a movement which would grace a queen in a drawing-room. They walk, those Portuguese statues, from the hips and it gives them an appearance of strength and physical subtlety which is very remarkable. Perhaps it may be that Portuguese working men so admire this grace in their women that they hesitate to put an end to the carrying of loads by them; at least one would be glad to think that there is some excuse for a state of things which may tend to disappear before the new, more human note of legislation characteristic of the Republic. Perhaps, also, something may be done with the swarms of beggars whom one meets about in Portugal, asking for a little, contented if they get less, poor wrecks of creatures, often with defaced features, blind eyes, and a general air of soreness and suffering. It is very pitiful; and is there really any need

for their persistence in a country which is so typically democratic and, in desire, even-handed to all its citizens? Poor, very poor many of the people of Portugal are, and that, no doubt, is why beggars are so numerous; that and the fact that an aged civilization, especially when it has been gradually uprooted by a newer one, throws up on to the surface a very considerable number of human beings who are unable to contend with the cross-currents at work.

Ever in your pilgrimage about Portugal you come face to face with evidences of the extent to which it is strewn with English mile-posts of history. The greatest monument of this sort to our share in the past fortunes of Portugal is Torres Vedras, the line of heights leading from the Atlantic across a comparatively narrow part of the country to the Tagus. Here it was that Wellington sat down with his army, where he could keep open a base of communication by sea with England, determined to fight it out with the French until he should get them "over the hills and far away," not only out of Portugal and out of Spain, but across the Pyrenees and back into their own country. The line of Torres Vedras, if you could follow it as it cleaves into the clear blue sky of a Portugal morning, takes you naturally to Lisbon, surely one of the most bewitching cities in the world. It sits there on its hills to-day, the seat of a Republic, as it has sat under successive Braganzas, and as it sat in the days when the Moors came over from Africa. It sits looking into the winding Tagus as into a mirror, and it finds itself as beautiful as ever it did. It has grown, it has prospered, for all its vicissitudes of fortune, and you cannot walk about its streets without seeing that it is a depository of high civilization, of very considerable wealth and of very marked refinement. The

Portuguese are not a rich people, although they have rich people among them. The better-off class dress well in a quiet way, and live well in a simple way, but no doubt the workers have been accustomed to toil hard for not too much. Those are the impressions you gather as you wander about the Lisbon streets of business and of pleasure, looking into the shops full of the filigree jewelry for which Portugal is famous, or sitting on a seat under the ilexes in the Avenida da Liberdade watching fashion and beauty taking the air of an afternoon. You could not fancy that a brief six months or so ago there was a revolution in this Lisbon, that there were angry warships in the Tagus, that there was a good deal of shooting and some loss of life. It is an enchanting city, worth fighting for, but, saying that, we come to political Portugal as it is at this hour.

## II.

A well-equipped motor-car goes past with a rush, and you notice it because every motor-car in Lisbon is not so well equipped, not so smart. "Yes," says a friend who is with you, "that was one of the King's motor-cars, and that is one of the ministers in it. Why not? It exists, he has much work to do, he needs to get about: why not use the motor-car?" But the people are saying, "Well, now, everything was going to come with the new Republic, but not so much has come, except that the ministers use the King's motor-cars." It is a mere trifle, this point of observation, but it very well illustrates the feeling of vague uncertainty, passing, in the case of the lower orders, into suspicion, which I found to exist in Portugal.

"The King is dead! Long live the Republic!" cries Portugal by a big majority of voices, but also there arises after the shout a still, small voice, asking, "What is the Republic doing for

us; what is it going to do for us? Are we going to wait for ever until it does something?" It is very human, the political situation in Portugal, because the country is a small one, and the people, being all of one race and associated together for centuries, are like a great family with, perhaps, the failing of families to quarrel occasionally over very little. The result is that Portuguese politics are thought about largely in human numbers, counted up in human needs and sufferings, not in any hard and fast economic way. Ministers are politics from the point of view of the people, and if the ministers do not, or cannot, do the things that the people expected them to do, why, then, politics are not what they should be. The fact is that the Republic came to Portugal because Portugal was ripe for it, but she is not ripe yet to achieve everything that her people want. To understand this it is necessary to go back a little and consider how the monarchy went out and the Republic came in.

The Braganzas had been long on the throne at Lisbon, and they had kinged it, perhaps, rather than ruled in the human, intimate way which best suits Portugal. They were a proud house, proud to be the sovereigns of Portugal, a country of proud traditions going back to the exploration of half the world and to the exploiting of half the seven seas by Da Gama and other sons of the spirit for which Henry the Navigator stands royally in Portuguese history. The gradual coming of modern ideas and ideals of life, and the gradual drifting apart of a democratized people from a royal house which, sitting in the seats of the mighty, thought only the thoughts historically associated with those seats! Nay, there was more; there was the complaint by this awakening democracy that the Braganzas of later years, perhaps like the Braganzas

of earlier years, were far too prone to confide the power of the realm to favorites, to classes, to the Church if you like, for there is no doubt at all that the action of the Church—if it was only negative action—had a good deal to do with the coming of Republican Portugal.

Dom Carlos, whose violent death a few years ago shocked the world, was an upright, strong man of narrow views. Queen Amelia, his wife, according to every testimony I heard in Portugal, showed herself a woman of fine individuality, of great enlightenment, but also of stiff monarchical tendencies, as contrasted with the monarchical sympathy which would link hands with the democracy. The young Crown Prince, who was murdered in Lisbon by the side of his father, and who rests near him in the royal vaults, had been carefully trained for the office he was never destined to fill. He was a manly young fellow, a lover of sport, a good tennis player, a youth who would probably have held a throne tenaciously, but he fell before he got beyond its steps. All those swift circumstances threw the second son of the house, Dom Manuel, who now lives with us at Kingston Hill, on to the difficult heights of Portuguese sovereignty before he was well prepared to balance himself there. He had not expected to be King, he had been a mother's son rather than a father's son, and he had not been subjected to the severe training which is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be the right qualification of an heir-apparent. He was simply shot, as by a bomb, on to a pinnacle of power and adulation where it is difficult even for an experienced head to hold itself, and if he failed to stay there it was the fault of dark circumstance, not his own. A strong, loved king, with a hold upon the people, would probably have been a bulwark against a revolution which

again, according to all the testimony I could hear, came with amazing ease.

It came so easily that its realization was almost a surprise to those who were behind it. "If," a Portuguese friend said to me, "the Monarchists of the North—and Oporto was in doubt about the Republic for several days—had marched swiftly south, they would probably have driven the Republic out while it was still in the pangs of birth." Of that one can be no judge, and one needs to be no judge. It is enough to say that the Republic succeeded in establishing itself, not so much on account of the active initiative and movement behind it, as because everybody was willing to have it, or at least there was nobody willing or able to oppose it. The frank man in Portugal says, rather brutally, that the members of the Royal family practically ran away, and, he adds, that for this reason, if no other, there will be no return of the Braganzas to Portugal: that whatever the future may hold for our "ancient ally," it has done once and for all with the royal house of Braganza. The young King was necessarily in the hands of those about him, but I heard it said that his uncle, Dom Affonso, might have made some real struggle, if only for the sake of the Monarchist classes in Portugal. He would say that he did all he could, and maybe he did, but in any case the royal refugees went on board the royal yacht at Mafra, which you see not far from Cintra as you round Portugal by the sea-coast, and having stepped off Portuguese soil, there seems to be no likely welcome for them back again. One man, one Royalist, Senhor Paiva Couceiro, did during the brief fighting of the Revolution put up a sound resistance, but it was hopeless against the odds with which he had to contend, and since then he has been an exile in Spain. If he were to return, you will hear it said, there might be a Mon-

archist rising in Portugal, but it could only succeed if the army and the navy were to support it, and it is going a long way to say they would. Even in the case of an individual like Senhor Paiva Coucelro you come to the English strain of history in Portugal, for his mother was an Englishwoman.

There will probably be no Monarchist rising, not yet anyhow, and if trouble should spring up in Portugal, it will be as the result of drifting rather than of any determined activity by any section of the people. The Republican Ministry has, in its action towards the Monarchists, endeavored, quite fairly from its standpoint, to secure the well-being and continuance of the Republic. It has said to the Monarchists in so many words, "It is our business to maintain and develop the Republic. You are opposed to it; very well, we must tell you that we must resist your opposition in every way. We must also say, as one item in that statement, that we find it difficult to guarantee your safety within the bounds of the Republic." The effect of this, as you will see, has been, not the deliberate exiling of such strength of Monarchists as there may be in Portugal, but the giving to them of the hint that their absence is better than their company. As a consequence, a good many Monarchists have left the country, taking with them—and this argument need only be given for what it is worth—a very considerable amount of capital. A further consequence, as you hear, is that the shopkeeping classes have suffered somewhat in trade, and also labor has suffered; for it should be borne in mind that Portugal is a poor country, and ups and downs which would hardly touch the domestic hearth of a great, rich land like England, touch little Portugal quickly and intimately.

People looked for the Republic to bring them better conditions of life, not so hard work, certainly to abate

the seven days' work in the week they used to have. The Republic has passed a law that during twenty-four hours in the week workers shall rest, but the effect, in many cases, has been a lessening of the earnings of the workers, and that has caused them to say, "Yes, we like the rest, but we do not get so much money, and so we cannot keep our families so well." A staple food of the masses of Portugal is dried codfish, which they call "Bacalhau," and they had looked for a pretty rapid fall in its price. But those things are not determined by forms of government, and Portuguese codfish remains about the same price as it was. This once more reminds us that the deep problem which the Republican Government has to solve is a human one rather than a political one. Political it is in a form, because politics with every nation make the machine on which human movements are carried, but human it is at the bottom, and that is just the measure of its difficulty. How is it going to be solved, and is it going to be solved in time to prevent further trouble? "We are in power ourselves," say that Portuguese people; "let us have things done." Yes, but they cannot be done with the magic wand of Haroun Al-Raschid. They need time and they need patience, and time and patience mean the continued suffering of those who are born to endure. To legislate for posterity is a fine economic maxim, but it is hard to put up with it when you see your wife or your child lacking something that a little better conditions of employment, a little higher comfort of life would bring, and that is what the people of Portugal and the Republican Ministry of Portugal are face to face with at this hour.

No vital change in the real, cardinal problems of the situation is likely to follow the elections, except, indeed, that they will put Portugal on a footing

of diplomacy once more with the Great Powers of the world, which held it necessary to wait for the people's verdict before they could officially recognize the Republic. Perhaps that may be helpful in bringing more money into the country, for Portugal still has many treasures to develop, treasures of field and mineral, and then she has that splendid sea-coast of hers which Spain would give so much to possess. When you say Spain to a Portuguese gentleman, he looks at you, and then he looks at you again, and he says, "Spain, yes; we shall not have Spain in Portugal at any price." It is curious, although it is easy to be accounted for, this antagonism between two peoples who are not far separated in blood and language. You have big Spain, comparatively big anyhow, and you have little Portugal, and Spain thinks, although she never says it, "Won't you some day let me take you under my wing, and then we'll have a united Peninsula, one great, solid country jutting out into the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, a twin-nation against which the waves of invading diplomacy, and even of war, will break in vain?" But Portugal has never allowed herself to think that thought; anything rather than the Spaniards, just as the smaller house of an old family is always proudly jealous of the bigger, more dominant house with the larger number of members. Portugal is very content to go on, a self-contained country with a Republic to guide her destinies, because, in essence, the Portuguese are republicans as well as democrats. They are a charming people, a simple people, an easily governed people, a friendly and brotherly people, and they do not want to go out as their ancestors did and cut any great figure in the world. They want to be prosperous, to be happy, to possess just a homely, lovable land, and they want so to organize themselves and their

Government that they shall be all this and nothing more.

But they know that the outer world in its relationship to them has a bearing on this. They know that they have got to shape themselves to meet that outer influence, and so perhaps they sometimes think, "Well, if the Republic should fail, what then?" Nobody charges the Republic and the Ministry of the Republic with anything worse than a possible inability to meet a very grave situation. The finances of Portugal are not good, and the difficulty has been emphasized by the comparative failure, thanks to bad weather, of the current vintage and the current wheat harvest, two of the staple industries of Portugal. It is pitiful to think that the food of a poor man and his family should be dependent on the hard facts of high finance, but so it is, to some degree anyhow, and so Portugal feels it. Her income as a Republic has been less than had been expected and her expenditure has been more. Entire purity and honesty on the part of the Government are conceded, good intentions enough for a Utopia, but always to get back to this: can the New Portugal face and solve the old problems which many, many years of bad government, often of corruption, have loaded on to the shoulders of the country? If she cannot, and again if she cannot in time, why there may be trouble, the people may become restless, and a rising, as the last one showed, is very easy in Portugal, for one thing because it is small, for another because the people are simple and trustful and easily led.

There is, one found, an earnest desire to enlist the sympathy of England, the centuries-long friend of Portugal, in the solution of her difficult, clamant, industrial and financial problems. The negotiating of a new trade treaty, to replace the one which Portugal denounced in a moment of wrath some



years ago, is an earnest of this friendly disposition of Portugal and her Government towards England and English people. France also is said to be very sympathetic in attitude to Portugal, but if the gossip one gathered in Lisbon and elsewhere is to be relied upon, there are other nations which would not be sorry to see a break-up in Portugal; anyhow, a scattering of her colonies among those who could seize them. She has Madeira, she has the Azores, she has territories in Africa, rich colonies which help to feed her and which the Portuguese will never willingly give up. It is those assets that make a small nation a pawn in the affairs of the great mail-fisted nations. Portugal, like the tried ship of one of her early navigators, has held her head to the wind of troubles for many a day, and she will probably continue to do it yet. Even so, one came on reflective minds which asked: if Portugal herself, with all her honesty of purpose and with such governing ability as she has, is not able to solve her problems, able to put herself in a secure place for the future, what then is to happen?

It is out of that question that there has come a suggestion which, at least, has an interesting appeal to English people; a suggestion that perhaps Portugal may come to us some day and say, "We would like you to give us somebody as our head and king, because, without taking away our virtue as a democracy, that would strengthen our place in the world, strengthen our

*The Fortnightly Review.*

finances, our trade and our industries, and afford us time to work out the problems which have, so far, been too much for a new, untried Republic." If Portugal were so to come, we should, no doubt, say, "Well, if you make an inquiry like that, and Greece made it of the nations once, and Belgium made it once, you have no doubt somebody behind your mind of whom you have been thinking?" The reply of Portugal, anyhow of one shrewd head in Portugal, would be, "Yes, we have thought of Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose brother Prince Alexander was a chief maker of the young Balkan State of Bulgaria. We have thought of Prince Louis of Battenberg because he is a man of parts, just sufficiently related to the Royal house of England to be suitable for the kingship of Portugal, without inconvenience to either country, and with entire goodwill towards Germany and everybody else. We have thought of him for himself, and we have thought of him as a sailor with the qualities which made Portugal great on the sea, and we ask you, do you think the thing is possible?" Now, that is a far-flung idea, something thrown into the air which may never reach the ground, but it shows, at least, that in Lisbon and in Portugal there is the determination that the new Republic shall endure, in form if that be possible, but anyhow in spirit. You can read it in the brown eyes of a people who like to think that England is their "ancient ally"—aye, and their modern ally!

*James Milne.*

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## DICKENS AND CHILDREN.

"The Children Act, 1908," which came into force on April 1st, 1909, would have gladdened the heart of Dickens had he been living now. Dur-

ing his whole life any scheme that tended to better the condition of the young always met with his warmest approval and co-operation. And not



only was he active in rendering personal assistance to any project set on foot for the benefit of sick or neglected children, but many of his books are undying testimonies of the great love and sympathy he felt for childhood in general.

To all lovers of his works it is evident that one of his main objects in writing such books as *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* was to rouse the public to the wrongs that were going on in its midst, to awaken the dormant sympathy that he firmly believed existed in the hearts of the majority of the English people; to arouse them so effectually that they could know no peace until they had done their best to remedy the evils he so ably put before them. Even the most careless reader, scanning the pages of either of these books, is confronted with the fact that Dickens loved the children with all the fervor of a generous, loving nature, and that in writing thus it was his heart's desire to make their lives brighter and happier.

His method of work is unique. A great preacher can do much, when placing stern facts before his congregation, by his oratorical powers in pleading any particular cause, and when heart and soul are in the work good is bound to result. A great painter can appeal to the sense of sight and awaken thoughts and emotions hitherto unknown, recall tender, half-forgotten memories, and bring out some of the best impulses of the human heart.

The writer of facts can place before his readers the plain unvarnished truth, and appeal to their sense of justice and to their sense of right and wrong.

Dickens, with his remarkably keen power of observation, collected facts, interwove them with fancy, and thus presented them to the reading public. Other writers of fiction have done this and have been more or less successful

in exposing wrongs of various kinds, but, as stated before, it is the method of Dickens that is unique.

Carefully keeping the object he has in view, he yet never once allows it to obtrude where it is best kept in the background, or *vice versa*. With his mighty genius he combines the power of the preacher, the painter and the man of facts.

Take *Oliver Twist*, for example. In the very first chapter readers of this book are presented with a good idea of the general system of the Poor Law that existed at the time it was written. Yet Dickens says very little on the subject. He simply places before the reader a picture that was then a true type of what might occur any day in the interior of a workhouse. The poor young mother breathing her last, while near by, on a little flock mattress, her new-born babe is fighting for his tiny hold on life. The pauper old woman, the parish surgeon, even the patchwork coverlet and the green glass bottle cannot escape the notice of the reader, who is henceforth prepared for what follows in the succeeding chapters.

Chapter two exposes the evils of baby farming as carried on by Mrs. Mann. The reader is also introduced to Mr. Bumble, the beadle, and when Oliver, "desperate with hunger and reckless with misery," has committed the unpardonable offence of asking for more, the reader is favored with a glimpse of the Board, "sitting in solemn conclave," when Mr. Bumble, greatly excited, makes the startling statement that calls forth an animated discussion as to what shall be done with such a daring offender.

Oliver's subsequent history—the sufferings of those early days, the many hardships he undergoes, the unkindness and callousness he meets with—would make a heart of stone melt, would make the most thoughtless think. Could such things be in a Christian

country? Dickens knew that such things were but too true. He knew also how to bring these facts home to the hearts of thousands who, but for *Oliver Twist*, might have remained in ignorance of the sufferings of many innocent children condemned to live and die in such terrible misery.

*Nicholas Nickleby* is another example of the master using his creative power for the purpose of exposing existing evils. Following the fortunes of Nicholas Nickleby the reader is introduced to Dotheboys Hall. This school was, of course, a type of many that flourished at that time, before the advent of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

What a pathetic character is Smike. Poor lad, how at a kind word from Nicholas Nickleby he burst into tears, crying out, "My heart will break. It will, it will!" All the pent-up emotions of years are in those words. Nicholas, on seeing such a timid, utterly broken-spirited creature, had but exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "Poor fellow!" As Smike himself says, "pain and fear, pain and fear" was his appointed lot; living or dead, he sees no ray of light to pierce the black darkness of his night.

In his walks abroad he did not avoid the lower haunts of life. The slum life of London was as familiar to him as the highways and byways of his beloved county of Kent. A true student of life, in all its varied forms and aspects, he was ever on the alert to take note of what was going on around him. From those slums he takes Jo, and in *Bleak House* presents him to the world as a true specimen of what they contain. Jo, "very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged." There he stands before the coroner and the jury, in all his pitiful ignorance. "He knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie." "It's a terrible depravity. Put the boy aside," says the coroner, and he never spoke a truer word; but is it

the fault of Jo? When night comes, this poor rejected witness, with his old broom, softly sweeps the step leading into the hemmed-in churchyard where lie the remains of the only being from whom he has received kindness. "He was wery good to me, he was." Poor Jo keeps moving on, until at last the final move comes from another Hand, Who calls the dark spirit to that other region where slums are not. "It's turned wery dark, sir," says Jo. "Is there any light a-comin'?" What does the master say? "The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

In *Hard Times* Dickens is eloquent on the danger of educating the young on the principle of Mr. Gradgrind. The childhood of the mind was as dear to him as the childhood of the body, and in Louisa and Tom Grandgrind he shows the reader the evils that arise as a result of the pernicious system of education he so vigorously denounces.

That man should do his best to eradicate from the heart of a little child the sweet and graceful attributes belonging to fancy, and plant in their stead the hard, stern facts of life, this he regarded as sacrilege. Fancy, that can build such wonderful castles in the air, that can paint the duller scenes of life in rich and glowing colors, that can make such glorious creations out of the poorest of materials, had indeed any system that ruthlessly substitutes only bare, often ugly, facts for the sweet flowers of thought that emanate from that God-given attribute of the mind, Fancy.

What does Louisa say to her father on his system of education? "You have been so careful of me, that I never had a child's heart. You have trained me so well, that I never dreamed a child's dream. You have

dealt so wisely with me, father, from my cradle to this hour, that I never had a child's belief or a child's fear." And thus she stood before him in the hour of her great need, stating facts, calmly and deliberately, while the aching void at her heart deepened and widened, and dark and menacing before her loomed the dreary future. She only asked the question, "What does it matter? What does it matter?"

With some other of his child characters, such as Davy and little Emily, in *David Copperfield*; Florence, in *Dombey and Son*; and Pip, in *Great Expectations*, the author appeals, as it were, to the individual. In these creations of his fancy he seems to enter into the very heart of a little child, in his perfect understanding of their young hopes and aspirations, their joys and sorrows, their tenderest affections, and all the many attributes appertaining to the period of childhood. How the heart of little Davy is open to the reader. Those early days, when he first began to take note of what was going on around him, when to his infant perspective the world comprised just what he saw, aided only by visions of his own bright fancy. Happy, happy days, when trouble was unknown, when his only knowledge of death was the quiet churchyard, where peacefully slept that father whom he had never seen. When his pretty youthful mother and the faithful Peggotty were all the world to him, and he to them; when life was like to one long summer's day, with never a cloud to dim the brightness of the glorious sun. Alas, to little Davy, as to many other children, the clouds come soon enough.

Accompanying him on his first visit to Yarmouth, the reader becomes acquainted with little Em'ly. How the days sport by, as the innocent, happy children wander together on the Yarmouth shore, picking up stones and

pebbles, while they exchange confidences with all the artlessness of childhood. What Davy thought of his new friend his own words best express. "I'm sure my fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child which etherealized and made a very angel of her."

Soon a change comes. Follow little Davy to his bedroom on the first night after his return from Yarmouth. With what a heavy heart he presses his little throbbing head to the pillow and sobs himself to sleep. Watch him as he stands before Mr. Murdstone. Listen to the latter, as during this interview he inquires, "What is that upon your face?" "Dirt," says Davy. Mr. Murdstone knew perfectly well that it was the trace of tears, but no feeling of compunction came over him for that knowledge. Ah! pity that baby heart, well-nigh bursting for want of a kind word, as, scared and strange, he enters that parlor where for very lightness of heart mother and child had often frolicked together—and thus changed commences his new life.

In the hard time that follows Davy has one great consolation in his father's small collection of books. The characters contained therein stimulated his fancy, and in such goodly company he whiles away many lonely hours. Every familiar spot is enlivened by these bright pictures of his vivid imagination. And that he has need of consolation, of something to shed light upon the dark weary way, readers of his early life know full well. Who can read this history of a little child, and yet remain indifferent to the troubles and sorrows that, often unnecessarily, become familiar to the hearts of children? And who, too, could be indifferent to the simple joys and pleasures that make up the happiness of a child's life?

Little Florence, in *Dombey and Son*, the daughter of a rich man, who would

have been horrified at the thought of keeping her insufficiently clothed or fed, he nevertheless starves the warm affections of her heart. That tender, loving nature might have pined and drooped alone after her mother's death had it not been for little Paul and his nurse, Mrs. Richards. As things were, what bitter tears Florence shed in secret, and how the child's heart longed for a share of her father's love. A very little would have contented her, and, in return, what a wealth of love would have been his.

Pip, in *Great Expectations*, is another child character, the innermost workings of whose heart, with all its thoughts and fancies, its joys and fears, is laid bare to the reader, as is Davy's in *David Copperfield*.

And Little Nell, of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, what a halo surrounds the frail figure! With what heroic courage she takes on her young shoulders the heavy burden of life, and, though weak and ill, faint from want of food, foot-sore and weary, she yet cheers the old man by her side to new efforts. In this book, too, the reader meets the Marchioness. "Oh, please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?" This small specimen of humanity is the object of the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky Dick Swiveller's peculiar care and sympathy.

Nor must Tiny Tim be forgotten. Through him the master makes a fervent, lasting appeal to all men and women "born with heavenly compassion in the heart," that they should extend a helping hand to the sick and afflicted little ones, depending on their sympathy and generosity to bring them health or to alleviate their sufferings and bring more brightness into their cheerless lives.

In the first three books mentioned Dickens attacks, in his earnest, whole-

hearted way, some of the crying evils done to children. That *Oliver Twist* was instrumental in hastening the tardy steps of the law to new efforts on the children's behalf there is no doubt.

Many years have passed away since this book was written, but the seeds sown then bear fruit yet, and this Children Act, of 1908, is another step in the right direction.

Happily, the class of schools of the type of Mr. Squeers's are now unknown, thanks largely to the author of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

The description of Tom-all-alone's, with Jo as an example of what dwelt in those noisome places; the utter darkness of mind and intellect that prevailed in the midst of an enlightened and civilized country; all this, with his magic pen, the author shows to the world. What bare facts could have so roused the public as the story of the life of Jo, told in such simple, beautiful, pathetic language? Yet there was no exaggeration, either in the description of Tom-all-alone's or in the pitiful history of Jo himself. It is that in the statement of mere facts many people are unable to see below the surface. Dickens, with his genuine sympathy and love for humanity, saw into the very heart of things, and in his writings compels the reader to see with his eyes Truth—sometimes terrible Truth—that is often stranger than fiction. In thus opening the eyes of his many readers, Dickens not only awakened their sympathies, but roused them to be up and doing.

Good has been done, and is still being done in this direction, but how much remains to be done the slums of London and other large towns testify, as do also the wan and haggard faces of many of the children seen in their streets. Welcome the day when slums shall be like those Yorkshire schools, unknown.

The system of education pursued by Mr. Gradgrind and his advocates, in *Hard Times*, is a perpetual warning to all educationalists to avoid, directly and indirectly, the pitfalls into which they lamentably fell in their training of the young.

The other works mentioned in *con-The Dickensian*.

nection with the child characters contained therein is a general appeal from the author to every reader of his works to do his best and her best to make the period of childhood, as the Creator meant it should be, a bright and joyous time.

E. Ashby Norris.

## FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Three days after, a joyous sun-scorched band of the village children, all the care of the world unknown to them,—dear hearts!—pattered with bare feet behind a barouche which had never once previously emerged from the coach-house of the Schawfield mansion since the days of the late Sir George. It might have been the golden chariot of Mumford's Circus by the interest it awakened as it made its way without an occupant except its driver towards Fancy Farm, whose yard had never seen a carriage with the family crest before. The children cheered, and Captain Cutlass, suddenly appearing, helped them at the cheering, "with one more for bare young legs and good old walking!" The lad who drove looked uneasily self-conscious, as a lad might very well do who had not previously been charioteer for anything more glorious than a timber-jonker, and flicked in his rear when he felt the slightest jerk upon the springs, and heard the shouts of "Whip behind!" from envious youngsters who were pushed away by older ones from the joy of hanging on.

"Losh! is the Captain takin' to a carriage?" cried the village in a tone of apprehension; he had so long appeared among them otherwise that the notion of his separation from a saddle-

horse was painful to contemplate, like a centaur cut in two.

A week or two more and Peter Powrie was restored to the grateful arms of his lady; he came from Fife with the champion Dandie Dinmont, whereof, it appeared, Miss Norah Grant was now the owner, and he was to spend the rest of his days in driving Miss Amelia, who thus got the darling wish of her life. Her happiness was only slightly clouded by the fact that Captain Cutlass all his days refused to share it.

Watty Fraser and the heathen people of the Wynd were the only ones who regretted the innovation; the sentinel Jock could make no pretence at holding the fort against a carriage, and when Penelope learned that this last redoubt of the very poor was forced by a contingency she had not anticipated, she almost rued her share in the expansion of life in Fancy Farm. She availed herself, however, of Miss Amelia's longer absences by going to the kitchen to be rebuffed at first by a cook whose art had long been lapsing from desuetude because of the baronet's indifference to a Good Table, but soon, by cunning wiles, to rouse again the spirit of art, which, in cookery as in painting or in poetry, must be kept from sleeping by applause. Cook and Pen, between them, fashioned dinners



which defied the culinary theories of Captain Cutlass. He blinked at mysterious and chromatic dishes. "Astounding!" he exclaimed; "I wish I weren't really hungry, and I'd try them; please pass me the bread again, Reggy." But no more lectures on the simple life of the seaman and the forer, since fancy food it seemed was a taste of Pen's.

There was even a grand party!—a diversion which had not disturbed the calm routine of Fancy Farm since the death of Lady Jean. Norah shone, magnificent and commanding, all her jewels on. She took her company in her hands, and played their happest notes as if they were an instrument of strings—a singularly cheerful evening! The women seemed so tender and so sane, the men so witty and so humanly fraternal. Sir Andrew thought the time on a ceremonious dinner well expended if it took the stilts from people, and showed his cousin to such great advantage. Never had he seen her look the same before, serene and regal, all the more conspicuous against the foil provided by Penelope, unreasonably quiet and self-effaced. He rallied all his social charms that night, to the support of Norah; he was the best of hosts, and his courtly graces to the golden ones, the Brooks and Beswicks, made his happy aunt relinquish the last of those vague unrests aroused by the incidents of that Saturday when her nephew and Penelope came riding up the street together. Who could think that there could ever be anything between Sir Andrew Schaw and the parson's daughter?

"Now, Andy, you see how nice a dinner-party may be, if one goes about it sensibly," she said to him with a smack of satisfaction when the company had dispersed. "Everything went off so beautifully, and I never saw you more like my idea of Sir Andrew Schaw."

"Oh, parties clearly have their place in the puzzling scheme of things," he admitted. "I got as close to the heart of Mr. Beswick to-night as if he had been a ploughman, and we were sitting on a dyke together sharing the same tobacco. There's a lot to be said for a glass of wine. I'm glad you're pleased, aunt, but indeed you owe me no gratitude: if the God of things-as-they-should-be is appeased, we have to thank Penelope."

Luckily for her peace of mind the last phrase failed to penetrate Aunt Amelia; she went off to bed elated. The night wind breathed outside among the trees; it bore in its louder flaws, *diminuendo*, sounds of rolling carriages, passing into distance over devious ways; Sir Andrew, Norah, Pen, and Maurice gathered round the hearth and softly laughed at some common secret understanding.

"Well, madam," said Sir Andrew to Penelope, with a deferential bow, "we are getting on famously. I admit I found your guests exceedingly agreeable and entertaining. When one has no ulterior motives, even Mabel Brooks has a certain depth of soul in her."

"Even the very rich are human, Andy," said his cousin. "There are times when they should be pitied, they are so forlorn. You are far too prone to be on agreeable terms with every class except your own; that's very narrow-minded."

"I trust I comported myself to them all to-night like one with as much good-will as I sincerely felt for them? But what is the next of your august behests as a lady of rank and wealth, Penelope?"

Pen had thrown off her self-effacement; she answered gaily, a humorous acceptance of the dignity in her tone. "I want more punctuality at meals," she said. "You almost spoiled the soup, Sir Andrew. It upsets every-



thing. A person can be unpunctual and irregular only at the expense of other people; my father used to tell us it was a kind of theft."

He comically knit his brows. "H'm! There's something in it! If I have hitherto failed in this respect, it was, honestly, not for want of trying to do better. I'm afraid those minor virtues are a gift, like a head for mathematics; you have it or you have it not. I must certainly buy a watch; my instinct for the exact breakfast hour is not what it used to be. And I hate a watch, for many reasons; I spoiled the only one I ever had as a boy by using it, in fishing, as a sinker. But I foresee, in the possession of a watch, a lot of trouble; it's got to be wound, for one thing. More than that, it stamps the owner as a man of system, parcelling off the day and its duties in a way that's foreign to me. Confound it, Pen! I always just do what I like and when I like!" He put on a ludicrous air of protest.

"That's all very well for gipsies, but I could never think it very wise or right in a gentleman," said Penelope, the loyal slave of the everyday duties. "All the good work of the world is done by men and women who know the value of time."

"You're as much as ever for uniformity, I can see," he answered, shrugging his shoulders; "but as Mistress of the Keys you shall certainly be obeyed."

That was the joke—Penelope, the parson's daughter, for the nonce was regent queen of Schawfield, demure and self-effaced so far as any open indication of her office went, but actually in power to indulge her theories, and command resources, with Miss Norah and Sir Andrew for her agents! Had Aunt Amelia known by what influence she had got her carriage, how dreadful would have been her indignation!

This grand caprice had occurred to Captain Cutlass on the day they rode from the moor together, inspired by Penelope's views on wealth and her confession that she sometimes longed to test its power. "Look here!" he exclaimed impulsively, after pondering on it for a little; "I've a great idea—you shall manage Schawfield for a month, absolutely! You'll be Mistress of the Keys in everything except the vested offices of Aunt Amelia; you can do what you like, and, as far as my bank account goes, indulge yourself in pearls if you find your nature cry for them."

She drew herself more upright on the saddle, reddening furiously, and stared at him with sudden and disquieting doubts; his honest face was lit with boyish fun. "My dear!" he cried ecstatically, "it would be splendid! splendid! Ha! ha! You'd see then I was right about the stewardship, and I'm ready to swear you wouldn't want the pearls. I ought to have done something of the kind that night with good Tom Dunn, you know; as it was, we only got half the possible sport of that escapade."

Despite her sense of humor, which in many things could be as active as his own, she flatly refused at first to have anything to do with such a wild vagary. "It's the maddest of ideas!" she exclaimed.

"Well! well!" he retorted heartily; "Isn't that the beauty of it? And it's only east by nor-east of dull sanity; if I did half the mad things I am sometimes tempted to do, I'd put the ship about and sail for Atlantis, where the folk that sit for ever singing on the sands never do anything like anybody else."

"Norah——" she began.

"Norah understands," he broke in hastily; "I never devised a good joke yet but Norah wanted a hand in it. She'll be just as delighted as myself

to delegate her powers for a week or two."

He was right, too; Norah entered into the scheme with the liveliest alacrity; swept away the last objections of Penelope, and stood by to watch the fun to which she was contributor in a way the author never once suspected.

"I want the barouche at Schawfield House brought out," was the first demand of the regent lady. "It's only proper that Sir Andrew Schaw should have a carriage, even if it is only to prevent his guests from awkward adventures in Mrs. Nish's landau."

"Who that has ever known the glory of a saddle would want to sit and joggle in a wheeled arm-chair?" he asked, disappointed at her selection.

"Your aunt has wanted the carriage out for years," replied Penelope.

"She has never once said so," he exclaimed with genuine surprise.

"No, because she knows your views about a carriage; she was afraid to press the matter. I'm afraid of nothing," but she glanced at Norah with some sign of perturbation, as if she looked for her support. "And then I want—I want a dog for Norah, if I can get the one she fancies—the champion Dandle Dinmont."

"Good Lord!" he cried, "I never suspected you of a taste for Dandle Dinmonts, Norah."

"It has been the guilty passion of my life," said Norah. "You are so wrapped up in your own fancies that you seldom think other people may have fancies too. I'll pay myself for the dog if we can get it, Pen; it needn't come from your bank account."

"If we can get the dog we can get Peter Powrie too as coachman," proceeded Pen with nonchalance. "Of course one wants a good driver for one's Aunt Amella. I was almost thrown out of a landau once by an inexperienced amateur."

He smiled at the reminiscence.

"Mrs. Powrie will not thank you for bringing back her Peter," he suggested.

"I think I know Mrs. Powrie a good deal better than that," replied Penelope. "It is only the absent Peter she is angry with: that's a woman's way, and I feel certain she'll be glad to share his fidelity with a well-bred dog."

"Very well, madam," he agreed. "And *après*? What next?"

"I insist on good cooking," continued Pen, who had now entered a little breathlessly into the spirit of domestic autocrat, supported by the obvious approval of Norah and the imperturbable good-humor of Captain Cutlass. "I think it is a shame to spoil a good cook by not giving her an opportunity to keep up her practice; she may not always be at Fancy Farm, you know, and all other houses are not so easily satisfied as this. . . . And I want a dinner-party to show off Norah—and her pearls."

"No pearls for yourself?" asked Captain Cutlass, smiling slyly.

"No. Now that I can have them,—I suppose,—I don't seem to want them. Besides, I can see them better on Norah."

And thus by a playful acceptance of the situation into which his whim had forced her she had given joy to Miss Amelia and Mrs. Powrie, gave Norah an opportunity she had not had previously to show herself at her best, and made a great success of the dinner-party whose component parts were now scattered to the night.

"You seem to have thought of everybody except yourself, so far," said the baronet.

"Oh, no!" she answered cheerfully, "I have thought of myself too, and sent for a dozen of the very latest novels."

"And not a single poet!" exclaimed the mocking Maurice.

"Not one! I'm determined I shan't encourage them. I'll not be renegade to my Goldsmith."

"I'm beat to understand how you, Pen, with a head like yours——"

"Thank you so very much, Mr. Maurice!" she broke in with a flicker of the spittle. "You don't expect much of a head of any kind on a woman, do you?"

"I'm beat to understand how you can bear to waste your time on such trashy stories," he persisted.

"I can easily tell you why," she said. "It's because they are quite untrue to life. The good men in them are always handsome, brave, chivalrous, and true, and the heroines are always beautiful and fortunate. The bad people are so transparently wicked that they could not deceive a kitten, and everything ends in joy. Real life is not like that, but it ought to be. That's why common people—like myself—read common novels. They get quite enough of real life by living it."

Sir Andrew listened with amusement, but brought back the conversation to the subject of its opening. "Most of the satisfaction of wealth, I'm told, is in the power it gives over other people," he remarked. "As your guests here, we can be so only on your own terms. Remember you are absolute monarch."

"Then," said Penelope quickly, "I am not going to encourage those gipsies who come about the place. Every tribe that comes into the parish looks upon this as an almshouse."

"There's nothing in it!" he protested. "To give them a bone occasionally is surely not wrong; why, it's actually biblical!"

Penelope was firm. "I have convictions," she insisted. "And I'm taking you at your word. And there should be no excuses for men like Paterson. If he had not been encouraged by you he might have been an honest work-

man, whose wife could go to bed at night with an easy mind. I don't believe in countenancing vagabonds."

"I always loved a vagabond," said Captain Cutlass; "I don't know why."

"So do I, sometimes, but they are a luxury Paterson's wife can't very well afford, and she has told me all about him. Is the estate *all* mine?"

"Certainly."

"Then I insist on Mr. Cattnach taking a firmer hand with those farmers at Braleckan; they are shamefully neglecting their dykes and hedges. When it was not my estate"—she laughed—"I thought it very picturesque, but now I have to think of my successors, and hand Schawfield down to them in as good condition as when I got it. I think I'll plant the whole braeface behind the mill with timber."

"Haven't the money, Pen; haven't the *gelt*!" said Captain Cutlass, shaking his head.

"Yes, you have—in that diamond mine that paid a dividend the other day for the first time," broke in Norah eagerly. "Now's the time to sell out of it, plant trees, as Pen proposes, and watch them grow. Diamonds! remember, Andy; you can't have shares in a diamond mine and hold the views you do on diamonds with any consistency."

He threw up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"There is another thing," said Penelope, bracing herself to a greater effort. "I think everyone should earn his or her living somehow, and——"

"Why, Pen! I do, surely. It takes a good deal of my time to qualify the excessive zeal of Mr. Cattnach, and keep an eye on my cattle."

"You do, Sir Andrew, and I'll—I'll allow you a modest salary. So does Norah; so do I, but—but Mr. Maurice——" She broke down here, apparently appalled at her own temerity.

Maurice reddened, her thought had come to him even before she gave it

halting expression. "There's the new book, you know," he suggested, with a smile, and his good-humor restored her courage.

"I am speaking of real work," said Pen. "Work people want. Does one make a living from poetry?"

"Harebell and Honey" cost me exactly £70 to publish," he informed her. "If I made anything off poetry I should be sure there was something very far wrong with it."

"Then," she pursued, with relentless logic, "you don't even pretend to try to earn your living?"

"I don't," he admitted quite amiably. "I take a remote half-yearly interest Blackwood's Magazine.

in a business established more than half a century ago by my people, and it seems to prosper very agreeably in my absence. You have heard of the shipbuilders Maurice?"

A delighted smile irradiated Pen's face. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you were a shipbuilder. That makes a difference. But if I were a shipbuilder, I would think it so splendidly poetical that I would never dream of bothering with make-believe poetry at all. I thought you did nothing else!"

Maurice flushed a little under the mildly satiric eye of Norah; in truth, he practically did nothing else.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE AUSTRALIAN FLEET.

I lately arrived in London after many years' absence—arrived on a day when the snow fell, with hail by way of accompaniment; and the rain rained in between times and it was exceedingly wet rain; also the wind blew as if it were driving before it all the brown paper in creation. And before I had time to unpack my luggage and hasten round to the Chamber of Horrors to see if there was anything worse than the weather in its collection, I was visited by an acquaintance of bygone days—a man who once ploughed a fair-sized public furrow, though he only professed to rank among England's minor politicians. He came to congratulate me on the fact that Australia had made the first small beginning of a navy and had shown a resolve to do greater things later on, and he spoke with fervor of the really Imperial fleet of the future—a fleet under one central control and made up of the British sea forces, and contingents from all the King's Dominions

over sea. He was a man of real enthusiasm, and as I listened to him I forgot even the weather and abandoned all idea of visiting the Chamber of Horrors. Yet, in the end, he went away downcast, like the young man of great possessions mentioned in the Scripture, for I told him that, so far as my knowledge goes, there is a very large number of people in Australia who have serious doubts about the wisdom of the proposed British control of all the sea forces of the Empire. And when the Australian squadron grows large enough to be worth consideration these people are likely to grow more, rather than less, numerous, unless certain assurances can be given which the British Government, on present appearances, is hardly in a position to give.

The British fleet exists in the first place to protect the British Isles, and the foreign food-supplies which are essential to the existence of these Isles, and in the second place to defend an Empire in which the colored popula-

tion outnumbered the white by perhaps six to one. The Australian fleet (when there really is such a fleet) will be found (when the day comes for defining the situation) to exist, first, for the purpose of keeping Australia a white man's country against all comers, and second (only second) for the defence of the mostly colored Empire. To the people of the British Isles, who have never known the possibilities of the influx of a vast colored population, conquest by Germany seems the last possible disaster. To a very large section of Australians, German conquest would be quite a minor evil compared with a great influx of our allegedly peaceful and loyal colored fellow subjects from India or from anywhere else. In fact, if German conquest were the only visible safeguard against such an influx it might even be welcomed. One country talks much of the Flag, the other thinks mostly of the Race. The Flag is calico or some other form of soft goods; the Race is alive, and it is flesh and blood. The Flag connotes our fellow subject who may be a fetish-worshipper or a tree-dweller; the Race implies a widely different relationship.

Therefore the Australians of whom I speak want to know, supposing a powerful Australian fleet is built and is put under purely British command, which side that fleet will be on if the time comes to resolve whether the colored subject is a real yellow citizen or not. It is difficult to believe that the question will not arise some day. There is a renewal, these times, of the old talk of Imperial Federation—of a really Imperial Parliament representative of the whole Empire and with power to deal with really Imperial affairs all over the Empire. If such a Parliament would have authority to decide that the colored fellow subject has just as much right as a white citizen to move freely and settle

freely throughout the Empire, then no good Australian would dream for a moment of being represented in it. And if there is any chance of Australian ships, regarded as part of a really Imperial navy, being under the command of any Imperial Government which would entertain such an idea, then the great bulk of the Australian people have no possible use for that Imperial navy. In fact they would regard their fleet as a calamity if there was any possibility of it passing under such control. It is better to have no ships at all than to have them and place them in the hands of an enemy, and this would, most unfortunately, be a case of putting them in the hands of an enemy.

The White Australia idea is not a political theory. It is a gospel. It counts for more than religion; for more than the Flag, because the Flag waves over all kinds of races; for more than the Empire, for the Empire is mostly black or brown or yellow; is largely heathen; largely polygamous; partly cannibal. Some of it is married to its deceased wife's sister, which may not be objectionable, but a huge proportion of it still believes at its heart in the burning alive of its deceased brother's widow, and that is wholly reprehensible. In fact, the White Australia doctrine is based on the necessity for choosing between national existence and national suicide. Australia is so far from Europe and North America, and is so close to Asia, that if it opened its gates it could easily get a hundred colored immigrants for one white—not the Kaffir variety of colored immigrant, but a kind which is capable of competing in all kinds of skilled craftsmanship. Supposing this influx set in the country's present working class would disappear for exactly the same reason which has prevented any white working class appearing in India, Burmah, or Ceylon. Probably it would



be found, as in the Indian Dominions, that a white ruling caste of about half a million folk would fill all requirements. That would mean the vanishment of nearly nine-tenths of the present white population. And with this new arrangement of things a wonderful dream would pass like the smoke of yesterday's cigar.

For the Australian has a dream. His country is almost the same size as Europe or the United States or Canada. He pictures it as another and a better Europe, with 150,000,000 or 200,000,000 inhabitants. It is to be a Europe without the various flags, and the various languages, and the various races, and the traditions of civil and religious feud—without the tangle of ill-built mediæval cities—with no semi-Tartar in the east, or unspeakable Turk in the south-east, or half-bred Greek, or Sicilian with the blood of Africa in his veins, or Portuguese mulatto, or semi-Moorish Spaniard. Also it is to be another Canada without its inhospitable climate and its mixed population; another United States without its negro problem; another South America without its diverse political interests and its wildly mongrel peoples. The dream is more than possible. If Australia keeps herself white, but unless appearances are wondrously deceitful it is possible of no other great country on earth. Australia is the only continent which the Anglo-Saxon possesses—the only continent which any one nation possesses—also the only continent on record which has ever had one race, one language, and one Government. The distinction is rare enough to be worth preserving.

On the other hand, as already mentioned, if the gates are opened to a colored influx there will be a welter of mixed races and a mere handful of white rulers. The rulers will be a transient crowd like the Anglo-Indians

—not folk who regard the land with the same affection as the Englishman holds towards England, and who hope that they and their children and their grandchildren and all their descendants to the end of Time will live and die and be buried there. An immense area will be cut out of Christendom. It may even be that on the question whether Australia is to be white or colored will one day hang the still larger question whether the white or colored races will ultimately control the earth. It is a serious matter to throw a continent (even the smallest of five continents) into the scale one way or the other.

These reflections may seem a lengthy digression from the question of Australia's infant navy and the command thereof. In reality, however, they are strictly pertinent. Hitherto there has been no need to accurately define the position of Britain's colored subjects and its colored friends outside the Empire, but then the great colored empire is a mere thing of yesterday, and the friendships or alliances with colored races are, so to speak, a thing of the minute before last. There is abundance of time for the race question to arise. Great Britain has done its share, and more than its share, in lifting Japan to the status of a Great Power which, though intensely exclusive itself, resents the policy which shuts out Japanese settlers from Australia. Great Britain, apparently, takes a benevolent interest in any movement which promises to lift China to a position in which it can raise a loud voice and a louder gun on the same topic. It is educating the Hindu, and that person is learning to read Mill on *Liberty* and to study the histories of Cromwell and Washington, and to assimilate the political doctrine that there should be no taxation without representation. It is constantly annexing more and more colored tribes and



striving to make the same kind of education available for them also. It is proud of the fact that, by sanitation and all manner of improvements, it is making its colored subjects so numerous that when the time comes to argue the point with them the argument will be a very difficult one. It is the home of missionary enterprise, and its missionaries are addicted to teaching the colored races that all men are equal in the sight of God, and when the colored man really learns that he is equal in the sight of God, he will certainly wonder why he should not also be equal in the sight of Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, who is admittedly a personage of less importance than God. Great Britain owns the Mother of Parliaments, yet it governs, by a process of benevolent despotism and by non-Parliamentary methods, a larger section of the human race than any other Power on earth. It is understood to approve of the establishment of the Russian Duma, the Persian and Turkish Parliaments, and the Japanese Legislature, and to beam affably upon the Chinese movement towards representative institutions. It bids fair soon to be the only great Asiatic Power which denies its subjects any real Parliamentary control over their own destinies. The position is anomalous to-day, and it threatens to become impossible to-morrow.

When the process of education has gone far enough, this great Empire—mostly black or brown or yellow, mostly non-Christian, largely polygamous, and adorned here and there with a thin fringe of cannibalism—is likely to be confronted with some serious demands on the part of its more advanced colored inhabitants. They will probably ask for a share in the government of the Empire, which demand, as the granting of it would amount to a

wholesale transfer of the control of the Empire, will certainly be refused. They will assuredly ask for some real (not merely nominal) system of Home Rule, and as that would be a laying of the axe to the very root of British supremacy, there will be another refusal. They will probably demand that they shall have the same right as the Englishman to travel freely and settle freely throughout the Empire, and this matter may be complicated by a similar demand from any independent Asiatic Power which feels strong enough to raise the question, and which considers that Britain is weak enough, through foreign complications elsewhere, to allow of the question being raised. This last is a matter which would not seriously affect the British Isles. Consequently the British Government, while utterly scorning the theoretical right of its colored inhabitant to local self-government and to a share in the control of an Empire which mainly consists of him and his kind, has professed most serious and pious scruples about depriving him of his right to invade Australia or any other of the over-sea Dominions which may suit his fancy. It was only with great difficulty that Australia secured the privilege of keeping itself white, and even now it is not allowed to adopt an honest, straightforward policy of exclusion, but has to achieve its purpose by devious ways. It was told that it was impossible to allow any direct or avowed infringement of the sacred principle that all British subjects are equal. This attitude, in view of the denial of Parliamentary rights and privileges to the vast majority of British subjects, seemed to Australia one of the most humorous hypocrisies in history, but the day was inopportune for mentioning the fact.

Still, it appears that a time will almost certainly come when one of two courses must be adopted:

(1) The White Australia policy must go; or

(2) It must be explained once and for all, to the colored man who makes up the great mass of the Empire that he is an inferior being (he is already treated as one) and will never be anything else. And the same matter must be expounded to Britain's colored friends and allies outside the Empire.

It is difficult to serve God and mammon indefinitely. It is difficult to keep on uplifting the colored man for an indefinite number of years, and yet convince him that he is no whit further advanced in a political sense than before he was uplifted. So the question arises: If it becomes a question of risking war both inside and outside the Empire to keep Australia white, or arousing war inside the Empire in order to make Australia brown or black, which side will Great Britain take—Britain with its vast colored interests, its Japanese alliance, and its record as the only European Power which has in recent years brought black troops to Europe and threatened to let them loose on a European State? The case would not be one for arbitration; it would be no more possible to arbitrate on it than it would be for England to refer to The Hague conference some foreign government's unprovoked demand for the surrender of Wales or Kent. The matter is not one to be discussed on its merits when occasion arises; no kind of occasion can arise between this year, 1911, and the Day of Judgment that will call for discussion. Australia knows exactly which side its military forces would be on should the day of trouble come—the position might be utterly hopeless, but that could make no difference in the resolve to uphold the white man's position against all comers so long as there remained a shot to be fired. But it does not know for certain where its little fleet would be on that occasion if

the ships formed part of an Imperial sea force under the control of the British Admiralty, and it would feel better if it did know.

Australia has accomplished its small share for the Empire. It has done as much as any one else to make London the supreme financial centre of the world. Within the last sixty years it has dug out some £500,000,000 worth of gold—about as much as the whole world was supposed to possess in 1848, coin, bullion, and jewelry all included—and most of this has gone to England. It has been, in proportion to its population, the best customer Great Britain ever possessed. At one time it was, in proportion to population, many times as good as Britain's next best customer. It paid for many years chiefly in yellow metal—not in wine or tallow—and it still pays largely in yellow metal, and that gold to a great extent decided Britain's position as the world's chief creditor. If Britain still values Free Trade, then it is fair to remember that Australia was the chief influence which made Free Trade possible. That boasted fiscal device had just had its first beginnings, and had barely had time to arouse a suspicion that it was a failure, when the influx of Australian gold and the demand for British goods in exchange created a revival and to a great extent saved the situation. That revival the Cobdenites joyfully ascribed to their fiscal nostrum, and they so ascribe it even unto this day.

Again, Australia has not cost the Empire the price of an Indian Mutiny, an Afghan or Kaffir or Zulu or Boer War, or even a Red River rebellion, or a Jamaica massacre. It has not involved the Mother Country for very many years in so much as the expense of a little ornamental garrison to do sentry-go outside a Governor's residence. It has borne a small part in two of the Empire's petty wars, and a

somewhat larger part in a third. And now it is introducing a system of general military training to be in readiness for any greater emergency which may arise.

So, just here, its people, speaking as citizens of no mean country, would like to know whether the Empire will make the defence of Australia against any attempt to force open its gates to colored immigrants—be they Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Burmese, or any other variety—as absolutely a part of the Imperial policy as the defence of London against an armed invasion. If it will do so, then there is something in the idea of a really Imperial defence system. If it will not, then Australia will probably prefer to carry its own little rifle both by land and sea and hold on to the weapon with both hands. It will then be able, when the day of

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trouble comes, to hold out the thick end of the weapon to the Mother Country as a token of amity. In other words, it will be in a position to offer its assistance as a bribe, and to ask in return complete recognition of a principle which is essential to its existence.

These were the matters which I endeavored to explain to the ex-politician who visited me on that cold day when I was thinking of taking a cab to the Chamber of Horrors. They broke in harshly upon his rhapsody about the glorious Empire which is mostly black, brown, or yellow; which is mainly non-Christian and largely polygamous, and which includes tree-dwellers, troglodytes, and eaters of dogs. And he went away depressed, unresponsive, and refusing all fermented and spirituous refreshment.

*James Edmond.*

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## THE BOYS OF THACKERAY.

The centenary of Thackeray opens a wide field for discussion. But if we are contemptuous of the inadequacy of the judgment of his contemporaries, in obstinately labelling him the cynic he was not, we surely have no cause to be proud of our pettifogging modern objections to this great writer who wisely persisted in making his genius its own lawgiver.

Some of us think it clever to carp at him for "preaching too much," and a positive hall-mark of superiority to condemn him cheaply as a sentimentalist. We make the time-honored error of looking at the defects of his qualities instead of at the qualities themselves, and a broad, impartial survey of his achievement still seems to be impossible. All the biographies he so intensely desired to avoid are partial critical failures. Yet despite this

drawback, Thackeray the man emerges from between the unsatisfying lines an honorable English gentleman of the finest type. Surely it is better to try to throw some tiny searchlight upon a special aspect of his genius—since here the large word may be confidently used—than to seek to belittle what is inherently splendid and lasting.

To ask who has created the most vital and actual boys in fiction would be to ensure a difference of opinion. David Copperfield alone would give Dickens a strong case, even if Mr. Andrew Lang were not at hand to remind us of Charley Bates and the "Artful Dodger." The "Fat Boy" might claim that few celebrities have ever said so little and been quoted so often as he is. Tom Brown is known to hold his own, and has, somewhat unexpectedly, caught the fancy of the rising genera-

tion in France and Switzerland. Then there are the boys of Meredith, a solid, beef-eating phalanx playing cricket admirably. Harry Richmond, with his enchanted golden age of wild adventure; Richard Feverel, wandering in fields fragrant with meadowsweet at the outset of his soul-moving career; more than all, delightful Crossjay Patnerne, of the magnificent appetite and the fine, chivalrous instincts.

Yet, after all, Thackeray has introduced us to the largest number of entirely natural boys—enough to have half-filled "Greyfriars," or the "Slaughter House," as he indifferently names the old school we are sometimes uncertain whether he loved or hated most. A brief quotation from the *Roundabout Papers* best explains the real reason of his invariable success: "If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy-critic loves the story: grown-up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie between writer and reader." An especial tenderness for boys clearly dictated these words to this great man who had no son.

He never caricatured his boys; he never idealized them. He set them plainly before us with a judgment as unblased as the honest Vehmgericht sitting upon a delinquent fag. What would Thackeray have thought of Dean Farrar's impossible Master Russell, or of the mild romanticism of *Gerald Eversley's Friendship*, or *The Hill*, with its emotional introspection? Or of the strange antics and curious attitude towards their masters of *Stalky and Co.*? He would have enjoyed *Vice Versâ*; but possibly certain of Mr. Percy White's boys would have seemed to him in friendliest sympathy with his own. Percival Bailey-Martin would have shone at Mr. Veal's and *A Passionate Pilgrim* ought not to have

been born too late to know Arthur Pendennis.

Has any other classical novelist invariably begun each of his masterpieces with such vivid pictures of the boyhood with which Thackeray was so evidently in love? Surely there is a special pathos in the fact that the unfinished story of *Denis Duval*, like that of *Peter Pan*, was of a boy who never grew up. How poor are the mawkish affectations of Daudet's *Petit Chose*, of the hero of Loti's almost repellent *Roman d'un Enfant*, contrasted with blue-eyed, tart-loving Clive Newcomb; humpbacked "J. J."; Pendennis, brave and simple for all his young conceit. Or with those dashing twin brothers in Virginia, or even that irresistible small rascal, Barry Lyndon. Or little, lonely Henry Esmond, unjustly shadowed by the blackness of the bar sinister. Each is limned with loving care and minute detail; each stands unmistakably before us "in his habit as he lived."

Thackeray announced *Vanity Fair* as "a novel without a hero," but, in case we should choose to elevate Dobbin or George Osborne to this dignity, we are thoroughly informed as to their boyhood. Notably in *Pendennis*, Thackeray indulged in some almost savage strictures against defects in the public school system as he knew it. Yet, with only apparent inconsistency, he is careful to educate those of his characters, destined for what Miss Costigan would have called the "leading business," as he was educated himself. Dotheboys Hall was too far from Pall Mall for his cognizance; but, if he left Dickens to dash with a bludgeon to the attack of the despicable tribe of Squeers, he used his own rapier of scornful satire for those intolerable private schools where the art of being insufferable was taught at a high figure to such favored mortals as Georgy Osborne, who regarded "damning and

swearing" as the sign-manifest of a gentleman, and Master Francis Clavering, who learned at ten years old to "drink his champagne almost as stoutly as any whiskered cornet of dragoons."

We may hope there was a touch of exaggeration in dealing with these schools, of which we know their pupils at once and intimately. Thackeray's keen eyes note their failings mercilessly, and he does not spare his readers a full category. Yet, behind all this, he plainly views youth, with a benign tenderness, as a green world of sunshine, with the blue sky of the ideal high above its darkest clouds. A place of hard knocks followed honorably by free forgiveness; a place of generous friendships, of a rough justice. His intuition is faultless. We feel our best school tradition is safe in the hands of such a leader as is described in *The Adventures of Philip*, though he makes but one appearance.

Phil returned to Greyfriars in a deep suit of black, the servants in the carriage wore black, too, and a certain tyrant of the place, beginning to laugh and jeer because Firmin's eyes filled with tears at some ribald remark, was gruffly rebuked by Sampson major, the cock of the whole school, and, with the question, "Don't you see the poor beggar's in mourning, you great brute?" was kicked about his business.

Sampson major governed on sound principles, though he may not have been as magnanimous as the brilliant Mr. Cuff, Dobbin's opponent in a school fight vying with the Homeric conflict between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams. We almost quarrel with Thackeray for not telling us more of Cuff after we hear of the inspiration by which, when beaten by a despised antagonist, he regained his tottering prestige. Little George Osborn had not been proud of his defender, and had been almost ashamed to cry, "Go it, Figs!" unsupported. But presently the tables turned:—

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle, and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course, but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time and was washing his hands, said, "It's my fault, sir, not Figs'—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy, and he served me right."

George himself tells the story in a letter worthy of a place in any anthology of "The Gentle Art":—

Dear Mama, I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff and Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds and Dobbin licked. So Cuff is now only second cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a grocer. Figs and Rudge, Thames Street, City. I think, as he fought for me, you ought to buy your tea and sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, even because he has two black eyes. He has a white pony to come and fetch him and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my papa would let me have a pony, and I am

Your dutiful son,

George Sedley Osborne.

That the "milk" was really rum shrub from the "Red Cow" we are sorry to know.

George the First and George the Second having equal importance, an equal space is devoted to their school-days. Father and son show startlingly alike in the chapter "In Which Georgy Is Made a Gentleman" at the Select Academy. "With respect to education, 'The Curriculum,' as Mr. Veal loved to call it, was of prodigious extent, and the young gentlemen in Hart Street might learn something of every known



science." Georgey at least learnt to "mimic Mr. Veal to his face with great spirit and dexterity," to "whop" the third son of Colonel Fogey, and to endure being "whopped" himself by "the little baker." "He told his grandfather he had been in conflict with a giant, and frightened his poor mother with long and by no means authentic accounts of the battle." Georgey, like his father, was not absolutely truthful, but he won a prize for an essay on selfishness. "Example, Napoleon Bonaparte," is a delightfully Thackerayan touch. Yet we like the spilt lad when he pays for his own miniature to give to his adoring mother, and, better still, when he joins Major Dobbin in the pit after thinking himself too fine for anything but the boxes, and being left there in lonely grandeur by that best of mentors, a mentor with a sense of humor.

Do we need to know more of the boyhood of that worthiest of bores, Sir Pitt Crawley, than we get in two lines: "At Eton he was called Miss Crawley; and there, I am sorry to say, his younger brother, Rawdon, used to kick him violently"? Rawdon Junior had no brother to kick, but we never doubt his readiness to deal condignly with a milk-sop. "He's the finest boy in England, and you don't seem to care for him, Becky, as much as you do for your spaniel," complains the father who became a better man for his son's sake. Thackeray never drew a kindlier sketch of a boy. The shrinking from sin of a pure and honorable nature is finely indicated when Rawdon, then at Greyfriars, says to his gentle aunt, Lady Jane, "You are my mother, and not—not—that one." We like to think of Rawdon reigning at Queen's Crawley, after the "large-headed, pale Pitt Binkle" died a victim of overdosing by his terrible grandmother, the Countess of Southdown. He goes out shooting on his very first visit; on "another

most blissful morning" he "partook of the sport of rat-hunting in a barn, than which sport he had as yet seen nothing more noble." "From flurry and excitement he missed his rat; on the other hand, he half murdered a ferret." Rawdon was a born country gentleman, and Lady Jane, if she was dowdy and quite unable to dazzle Society, knew how to mould her nephew to fear God and honor the King.

The boyhood of Pendennis occupies many arresting pages of his lengthy biography, and is indicative of Thackeray's masterly grasp of the complexities of character. We see the child on the green lawn by his mother, "easily touched by scenes of great natural beauty, and repeating Milton's matchless lines, 'These are Thy glorious works,' rather from precocious sense of the charm of rhythm than infant plety." At Greyfriars he "was quite awfully wise on certain points at twelve years old," though "he seldom told lies, and never bullied little boys." When his school career is cut short, the Doctor, who had just been foretelling ruin for him as the certain result of a slip in Greek grammar, sums him up to his uncle thus: "He's a good boy, rather idle and unenergetic, but an honest gentlemanlike little fellow, though I can't get him to construe as I wish." . . . "A prodigious thing, that theory of life as learnt orally at a great public school"; but does Thackeray make a good case for the much-vaunted home education, when we see Arthur, at seventeen, domineering over his weak tutor, or sighing at the feet of an actress as stupid as she is mature? This is no place to admire the brilliant study of Pen as a University "man," but probably another two years at Greyfriars might have equipped him better to resist inevitable temptation than hours with the immortal Captain Costigan, of whose own early days we hear nothing.



Foker, that prime favorite, had an inglorious school career, and was unflatteringly reported "the dirtiest of little boys." When he had bloomed into resplendent youth, he confessed: "By Gad, Sir, I sometimes think the Doctor's walking into me. When I think of the diet there, by Gad, Sir, I wonder how I stood it. Mangy mutton, brutal beef, pudding on Thursdays and Saturdays, and that fit to poison you." Yet Thackeray convinces us Harry was improved by being "deservedly whipped," and that stout old Foker was wise in sending his heir to his own rough school instead of allowing the doting Lady Agnes to keep him beside her, with damaging intervals in the servants' hall.

Space forbids lingering over the heroic Tom Ricketts, "late of the fourth form," "arrayed in crimson and gold, with an immense bearskin upon his head, staggering under the colors of his regiment, and recognizing Pen with a patronizing nod. Tom, a little wretch whom he had cut over the back with a hockey stick last quarter." But the name of the odious lout Hobnell, whose chastisement rejoices us, compels a mention, as leading to an encounter between Dr. Wapshot and Foker, rich in delightful humor.

✓To pass to *The Newcomes* is to meet an interesting throng of boys. For every important character begins at the beginning, unless it be the villainous Barnes, who, we hope, had his full early portion of kicks as well as half-pence. Here, moreover, Thackeray chose to break new ground, for he offers us, in "J.J.," an unmatched study of the dawn of genius. This lowly hunchback inspired one passage of such surpassing charm it haunts the memory like a strain of remembered music. The cheery little governess, Miss Cann, plays on her "old and weazened" piano, and sings with a voice "cracked and feeble"

To a lad who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart. . . . she plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little chamber anon swells into a cathedral, and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in the sunset, and seen through arched columns and avenues of twilight marble. . . . As she plays "Don Juan," Zerlina comes over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens, and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness and kindness and pleasure. Piano Pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement, but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and slings, and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street all in the shade, can it be the famous Toledo? or is it the Corso? or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escurial, where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street, Poetry Street, Imagination Street—a street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage, where long processions pass, and venerable hermits bless the kneeling people. . . . And, see, on his cream-colored charger Massaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Babylon. All these delights and sights, and joys and glories, these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing and visions of beauty, a young, sickly lad . . . enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano. ✓

"J.J." lived to be a recognized genius and an R.A., which last fact, though not synonymous, doubtless led to his

honorable welcome to the table of Lord Todmorden, where his honest father had so long served as butler. If Thackeray put the pain of his own bitter disappointment into Clive's failure to excel as a painter, he exquisitely transferred his ardent hope and ambition to "J.J.," laying stress upon the quiet joy brought by the creative spirit—guardian angel of the happy soul able to forget even deformity in its secret vision splendid. The adoration of plain "J.J." for the handsome Clive, whose careless kindness he was to repay so royally—every trait is alike winning and true to nature. He is first among the boys of *The Newcomes*, albeit the Colonel himself was once at familiar Greyfriars, "playing at cricket, hockey, prisoner's base, and foot-ball, according to their seasons, and gorging himself with tarts when he had any money."

A few revolving years, and it was Clive who was to be met at the tuck-shop, and for "whose pretty blue eye, a fine black one was substituted—glorious insignia of his having 'pitched into' Wolf minor." Like father, like son, is an integral article in Thackeray's creed, and if Hobson Newcome was a prig and a hypocrite, his son Sam would to-day be condemned as a "rank young bounder." A certain Rugbyman Mumford wins our pity when he has no recourse but to cling to Alfred Newcome, "a mere fourth-form boy" in "that rattling London ballroom where he did not know a soul." In one flash we understand the poor fellow's wretchedness as "with a face as white as the tie he had tied at the 'Tavistock' with such heart-beating," he watches Miss Alice, for whose sake he had done Alfred's verses, whirling about in the arms of Viscount Busting-ton, though glad, be it noted, to marry Mumford in the end.

Despite warrantable protestations against a hundred obvious omissions,

from Frank Berry and Ponto Junior to all Dr. Birch's "young friends," it is essential to pass on. For there stands before us an illustrious group in velvet and bright steel. They face us brilliantly in their buckled shoes, so eager to draw their miniature silver-hilted swords, so prettily burlesquing the elaborate courtesy of an age of compliment. Even the sternest moralist can scarcely help being lenient to that little scamp, Barry Lyndon, with "my gold garter at my knee, as proud as a lord." Barry ran away from Ballywhackett School after six weeks, which left that select academy a spirited tradition for all time.

The fact was, at taw, prison-bars, or boxing, I was head of the school, but could not be brought to excel at the classics, and after being flogged seven times without its doing me the least good in my Latin I refused to submit altogether finding it useless to an eighth application of the rod . . . to defend myself, I flung my slate at him (Dr. Tobias Tickler), and knocked down a Scotch usher with a leaden ink-stand.

Sharp is the contrast between these uproarious devilries and the quiet, shadowed youth, amid the cawing rooks of deserted Castletwood, of that very perfect gentleman, Henry Esmond. "He was in the hands of Heaven and Fate, . . . as he lay in his little room, which he still occupied, the boy thought with many a pang of shame and grief of his strange, solitary condition. . . . The soul of the boy was full of love, and he longed, as he lay in the darkness, that there was some one on whom he could bestow it. He remembers, and must to his dying day, the thoughts and tears of that long night, the hours tolling through it." Surely, if his history has been justly described as a "solitary masterpiece" in our literature, this boyhood in the still country is not its least enchanting chapter.

The handsome, spoilt Frank Castlewood, so sound asleep in church, so wide awake at every sort of sport, wins our hearts, just as he won that of the termagant Duchess of Marlboro', whose own Blandford died young, but not too young to have adored Beatrix Esmond, and "sined his name in blode" to swear he would marry none other. Tom Tusser, time-server and ultimate wearer of a dubious bishop's apron, begins as a very ordinary boy, except for a precocious eye for the main chance sufficiently indicative.

But from the hour when Lady Castlewood's gentle whisper, "*Le pauvre enfant, il n'a que nous,*" sowed the seeds of love in a most faithful heart, Henry Esmond began to qualify for his supreme sacrifice. Thackeray tells the story in master-words of noble dignity and simplicity. It is good for our souls to read of the pain, the unselfishness, the silent triumph. His hero is no irritating would-be saint with it all, but entirely convincing and consistent. If degrees of comparison were admissible in a mere respectful note of admiration, the first place among Thackeray's boys might well be given to Henry Esmond. He necessarily precedes the gallant twins who were his worthy descendants.

Some failure of power may be evident in certain parts of *The Virginians*, which has absurdly led incompetent critics to undervalue the whole book. But the old zest and enjoyment of boyhood was never more apparent than in the full-length portraits of the brothers, so dissimilar, and so closely knit by the strength of their mutual affection. The scene where the Warringtons defy the Scotch tutor who "horsed them till they were fourteen," is an absolutely astonishing forecast of their exact future characters. We know George and Harry as well when we have seen it as after finishing the nine hundred pages concerning them. George.

"with a low bow" and certain stinging words, finally consents to take his punishment at his mother's desire, not at the command of Ward, but Harry interposes savagely, and wounds the angry tutor with a knife.

"George said, 'Thank you, brother,' as if he were a prince, and Harry a general who had helped him in a great battle." Then he went on "in great state" to the victim: "'You see, though we are very young, we are gentlemen, and cannot brook an insult from strangers.' 'We are very young,' repeats George, with another of his old-fashioned bows. . . . 'We shall be fifteen soon. Any compensation that is usual among gentlemen—' 'This to a minister of the Word!' bawls out Ward, starting up, and who knew perfectly well the lads' skill in fence, having a score of times been foiled by the pair of them. 'You are not a clergyman yet. We thought you might like to be considered a gentleman; we did not know.' " The theatrical touch natural in an artificial age does not hide the boyish pluck behind its mask of elaborated courtesy, and "The Virginians," as fighters, prove themselves altogether worthy ancestors for "stunning Warrington," truest of all Thackeray's true gentlemen.

As these boys step backwards into shadow-land, we may well pause in surprise to find how many, how familiar, and how distinct they are. How each is absolutely of his own period, yet all alike of the bright fellowship Albert Samain has beautifully named the "*Chevalliers d'Avril*." Thackeray never made the blunder of uttering the most mistaken of all petitions: "*Si jeunesse savait!*" even when he sighed most wistfully, "*Si vieillesse pouvait.*" He knew that it is the sublime ignorance of the first fresh years which brings courage to lead the well-nigh forlorn hope of the world, and flings down the ringing gauntlet of defiance.

echoing Napoleon's cry that the word "impossible" is but for the dictionary of fools. It is "glad, confident morning" which lights the dim path even where the secrets of science lie guarded behind doors of iron. We need a merry heart to go all the way to the glittering castle in Spain, and fling  
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open the "ivory gate and golden" to clasp the fairy queen Romance, or brave the dark forest to awaken the sleeping beauty Poetry with a daring kiss. Thackeray never had his 'heart's desire' of writing a book for his boys; he did a better thing for us when he taught us to understand them.

*Rowland Grey.*

## THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

### CHAPTER III.

After that I made it my business to call in at the manse as if by accident on those evenings on which I knew Leitch would be there; and though my welcome was never so warm as before, and the conversation often—I am not ashamed to own—above my head, I was all the more able to regard what proceeded and to mark the manner in which this insidious creature played his hand. For you will observe that he who sits in the corner sees most of what goes on.

To do her justice, I must say that at first Allie's thoughts were all with the Master. She would meet Leitch's most charming sallies—and I grant you he was a most fascinating man—with the faintest of courteous smiles, the while her eyes were following her heart somewhere on the road to Paris. Often she would leave the room and be absent for some time, and on these occasions, as I afterwards learnt, she would don her cloak and stand in the cold looking over the brig where she had bidden the Master farewell—a sentimental, girlish notion perhaps, but one on which it gave me great pleasure to reflect. At this time, too, old Mr. Nicoll, with the most opposite intention, was a valuable asset to our cause with his constant extolling of Leitch and his dubious head-shakings anent the Master. But Leitch was

sensible to no rebuff; ever he was only the more charming, ever the more solicitous for her comfort and pleasure; and his undoubted gifts exercised just that effect upon Allie which her refinement was wont to produce in the minds of our rustic Corydons. Worst of all, he was a bird in the hand, while Master Robert was in Paris, or, indeed, for aught we knew, at the bottom of the sea; Leitch was a new man, a new admirer, a new toy, and poor Allie was not the woman to withstand him. Few hearts can cleave to a doubtful and distant object in the presence of all the wiles the devil has given to his own. It is true that once there came a letter from the Master; but even if it were not too late—which I fear it was—it did him more harm than good, for Master Robert was never an apt pupil, and so his letter was a sorry attempt and ill calculated to find favor in the eyes of one whose cleverness made stupidity intolerable. If anything, it but served to set off Leitch to better advantage.

Leitch was a skilful general, and he was clever enough to hold his force in hand, for he had established a position for himself as a scholar and a wit before he turned the full battery of his accomplishments upon us. Then suddenly one evening, when he had sat some time in silence, he rose and went to the spinet—a crazed, broken-winded

old thing on which Allie used to strum psalms and Scotch songs with a fine conceit of what she did—and there, considering the quality of the instrument, he played most exquisitely, singing to his own accompaniment. After that he sang every night, always some new plaintive song that set the eyes smarting, and all the while Allie would watch him with her great soft eyes, that were always by far the best of her, growing rounder and rounder over this wonderful man. I have a poor ear for music; but I remember yet one of his songs—of his own making it was—and I have seen Allie crying like a child when he sang it, and old Mr. Nicoll with his eyes all shining in the firelight, and even myself hard put to it to keep a straight face. It ran somehow thus:

Oh saw ye the bonny boat that sailed  
yestere'en,

Twa to row and ane to steer?  
The clouds cam' up w' the cauld west  
wind,

And wae but my he'rt gaed w' her.

Oh saw ye the braw lad that watched  
on the deck,

Blue for his een and gowd for his  
hair?

The sea rose high and the nicht cam'  
doon.

And wae but my he'rt lies w' t.

Oh ken ye the lone grave doon by the  
glen,

Warm in sun and cauld in sleet?  
The hard earth has stealt awa' the ae  
thing I lo'ed,

And wae but my he'rt lies w' t.

A trifling thing enough, yet somehow  
he made it the saddest thing on earth.

It was after this that I spoke one  
night to Leitch as he was leaving the  
manse, whether wisely or not God  
knows. "You will forgive my presumption, sir," I said, "but I see you are  
some struck with Mistress Allie."

"Indeed, Mr. MacConnachie!" said  
he, throwing up his eyebrows. "In-

deed! And perchance you may not be  
so far out."

"Are you aware," I said, "that the  
lady is bespoke?"

"I have heard no word of that," said  
he, "which is at least peculiar."

"Then," said I, rather nettled, for it  
was plain from his tone that he  
thought me a liar, and wished to say as  
much, "it is high time you did. The  
lady has a lover."

"And who may he be?" said he in a  
voice like an east wind.

"The Master of Carrick," said I, "no  
less."

"A strange lover," said he, "who sets  
off to play himself in France and leaves  
his lady behind him!"

"An honorable gentleman," said I in  
heat, "who is called abroad on his  
country's business."

"Well, well," said he sneeringly,  
getting ready to mount his beast, "that  
may be. But what, may I ask, is the  
point of all this?"

"Just this," said I, being now well-  
nigh furious, "that a gentleman does  
not make love behind his rival's back."

"Indeed!" said he, putting a foot in  
the stirrup. "I fear that is where we  
differ. I hold all fair in love and war.  
If I should win, so much the worse  
for the most noble the Master."

"Then, sir," I cried, "the inference is  
obvious."

But he made me a bow and set off at  
a slow trot. Further than that I durst  
not go without precluding myself from  
again being present at the manse in  
his company, nor he for fear I should  
make him trouble with the Nicolls. I  
think he would have told me I was  
jealous of him, and I would have called  
him an unscrupulous scoundrel; at any  
rate we parted in the most vile of hu-  
mors, and with very little accomplished  
after all.

But the crowning stroke in this un-  
fortunate business did not fall till  
over a fortnight later, and then it came



by the hand of his lordship. I had gone to take the air one bleak afternoon in the direction of the Castle, and on the homeward journey was fortunate enough to pick up Ailie, also bound villagewards. I had long been looking for some such occasion of a quiet talk with the lady, and I fell to it at once. But I was barely started in the preliminary skirmishing that seems an essential before two human beings can talk seriously to one another, when round the corner must needs come Lord Carrick, stumping manfully homewards with an oak staff in his hand that might have felled a bullock. He made at first as if to pass us by, then suddenly pulled himself up and stood looking at us with that dry smile that meant bitter words to come.

"Good-day, MacConnachie," said he; "and good-day to you, Mistress Alison."

"Good-day to you, my lord," said she with a cold courtesy.

"I have word from Rab, MacConnachie," said he, leering on us both as if he loved us, "from Paris. And a time he seems to be leading of it! You should quiz him over the Comtesse Henriette, MacConnachie. The dog that he is? I said he would marry. Four French castles, they tell me, and mints of money. The lad must have a head after all."

I think I could almost have struck him down for the brutality of the speech; but as it was I took Ailie by the arm and bowed him good-day. He favored us with a very elaborate salute, and, still smiling, held off to the lonely desert he called his home. As for Ailie, she marched along as straight as a ramrod, looking steadily in front of her, and I at her side as miserable as a lost dog. I could say no more, and she never opened her mouth till we were at the manse gate and I could stand it no longer.

"It was a lie, Ailie!" said I. "Never heed it."

"Indeed, Mr. MacConnachie," said she, "I had hardly given it a thought." And that was another.

But I think I saw that night that the Master's cause was lost. For a woman may love a man very dearly and be ready to bear all for his sake, yet she will believe an ill tale of him nine times out of the ten.

From this hour right on until the unhappy day when Leitch and Ailie were wedded I lived in such a state of mental unrest as I hope never to endure again. The keynote of all this was a feeling of treachery that would never for an instant leave me. I have lain tossing whole nights at a time, the while I miscalled myself—with some real injustice—a traitor to the Master's interest, a coward in his service, and I know not all what beside. The fact that in truth I was under no real bond or obligation to serve him weighed but little with me during these dark days as against the whelming sense of impotence. I could not but feel I should be doing something, and yet there was nothing for me to do. I am not, I fear, a man of much religious devotion, yet I must often have come as near as I could to praying that the Master might return to us before it was altogether too late; and again I would implore with no less fervor that he might never be permitted to come back alive. So far was I distracted by these contrary impulses that I came to persuade myself that he might indeed appear among us at any moment, and I would start intolerably at the sight of every horseman who came that way. As to the advisability of writing I was in two minds; but I think I should have put it to the test had I known any address to which to direct my letter; but to ask Lord Carrick would have been futile, even if I could have brought myself to do so; and though I did by some trick or another

succeed in seeing Ailie's letter, it was only to find it despatched from some small post-town between Paris and the coast, where the Master could be no longer. And so the days crept on into January and February, each more dismal than the last.

It was one night towards the end of this latter month that I measured swords again with Gordon Leitch, this time with a new stroke, which, as the event proved, went some wide of its object, yet was the means of gaining me my first information on events of which I was in time to hear more. I had observed Leitch to be at heart a coward, and so I walked with him one night from the manse to the brighead, and told him, with many illustrative anecdotes of the most terrifying order, what I knew of the Master's threat and the likelihood of his fulfilling it.

He heard me through in a kind of forbearing silence, and then, "Mr. MacConnachie," said he, "I will do you the credit of supposing that you mean me well by this; but I fear your news is pipers' news at the best. 'Sdeath, sir! you do Mistress Ailie a grave injustice when you presume her not to have told me of this. But let that pass. I have a weapon handy to match any of the Master's."

"And that is?" I said.

"A thing called a Secretary's Warrant, Mr. MacConnachie," said he. "They tell me there is too much talk of the Chevalier St. George where the Master is, too many toasts drunk to a certain James Stuart."

"You insinuate, sir——" I began angrily.

"I insinuate," said he with an admirable coolness, "that the Master of Carrick had best look to his own head before he comes with any pistol-shots for mine." And with that he mounted his nag and left me standing.

The fatal day of the wedding came

at last, with a chilling February drizzle and the hills all hidden in mist. It found Lord Carrick in the most charming of moods in spite of his rheumatics; all the day he went from man to man with his sneering smile and his two-edged compliments flowing like tainted milk. It found Mr. Nicoll happy for the first time since the Master's going, and myself the most wretched man in the Bishopshire. I bore myself quietly till after the ceremony; but at last the minister and I had given the newly-wedded couple Godspeed on the road to Inchkerry, and were left alone.

"This is a great relief, MacConnachie," said he, beaming, and at that I could contain myself no longer.

"Man, man!" I cried, "have ye thought o' the Master?"

He looked at me with the petulance with which one might regard a troublesome and unintelligent child. "I confess," said he, "that I have now ceased to do so. Why should I think of him?"

"Ah, why indeed?" said I.

It was a long, early spring that year, I remember, a time of soft, continuous rains and muddy roads, with the celandines out with the first days of March and the yellow primroses hard at their heels. I had no heart to teach in the school these days, nor to read in the house, and so I took to a habit of long, rambling walks down by the lochside or up by the broken sheepdikes behind the Castle, walks for the most part quite solitary save that sometimes I would see or meet Lord Carrick limping along as best his rheumatics would allow him. I have no hesitation in admitting that on these occasions I made as far out of his way as possible, for there was an air of triumph in his gait, a something of detestable victory in his glance, that I found ill to thole with equanimity.

But most often I would take the south road and climb slowly to the crest of the ridge by Baldourie, from which one may look away down towards Inchkerry and the Forth, and there I would stand for perhaps the best part of an hour watching for I know not what. For I still had that unbearable feeling—which events proved so well founded—that we had not yet seen the end of this wretched affair, nor for that matter were well past its beginning. But now I prayed with all my heart that the Master might never come our way again, and that the Comtesse Henriette, with her four châteaux, might indeed have some real existence outside his lordship's scheming brain; for if the Master came back heart-whole I durst not think of what might come of it.

And then at last came that dreadful night in early April—what we call in the Bishopshire a "growing" night, with a warm southward drizzle and everything bursting into life all around. I had tired myself into a state of restfulness with some long wanderings in the afternoon, and with the fall of dusk I had lit my lamp and sat down to the study of some serious book. I had sat so for, I should think, the best part of an hour, and was becoming deeply absorbed in my subject, when I was suddenly jerked back by the splashing sound of a horse drawn up sharp outside my door. Almost at the same instant, as it seemed, there came a terrible knocking at the portal, as of one who could brook no delay.

I took the lamp in a kind of daze and opened the door, and there was the Master on the step. He was soaking wet, and the water ran from his hat and squelched in his boots as he stood. His face was pale and set with the most dreadful expression of intensity. Outside in the road stood his black horse, with his head hang-

ing, steaming like a beast that is ridden done.

"Good God, Master Robert," said I, "is this you?"

"Ay, MacConnachie," he said, "it's what's left of me;" and then, with the extraordinary directness of attack that was his characteristic, "Where's Allie?"

For the life of me I could make him no answer, for my throat was as dry as a bone and not a word would come. I could do nothing but stand gazing in his face, with the lamp jumping about in my hand and flickering all over the road. If there be indeed a hell I can conceive it as made up of such moments as these.

"Dinna stand there shakin'," he roared; "the time's precious, man. Speak, ye fool!—speak!"

I got out a word at last. "Master Robert! Master Robert!" I cried, "what shall I say?" I was well-nigh helpless with terror, and this he seemed to see, for he spoke less harshly.

"Answer my question," said he. "I want no more. They told me in Edinburgh she was wedded. Is 't true?"

"Heaven help us all, Master Robert!" I cried; "but so it is!"

I heard the muscles of his jaw crack as he thrust it forward. He leant towards me and his eyes glared wildly in the lamplight.

"Who's the man, MacConnachie?" he gasped in so hoarse a voice that I could scarce hear him.

"Master Robert," I cried with the boldness of despair, "I darena tell ye!"

He swore frightfully, and his hand flew straight to the pistol-butt at his belt. Then, with a sudden change, he gave such a laugh as I hope never to hear again.

"Ye haverin' devil!" said he, dropping into his Scotch again, "d'ye think I dinna ken? Tell me this: is't the schoolmaster o' Inchkerry?"

I suppose I must have nodded or given some sign of assent.

"God help him!" said he quietly. "Good-night, MacConnachie!" and he turned to his horse.

"Master Robert," I cried, running after him with the lamp, "what will you do?"

"What I said," quoth he, fairly leaping into the saddle, and turning his  
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horse so sharp that he came near knocking me over. I shouted after him again, but he was thundering away through the village like a whirlwind. I saw the water in the street spirting from his horse's hoofs as he passed the light from old Mrs. Leitch's window, and then, with a sudden collapse of my powers, I fled back into my cottage and locked the door.

Charles Hilton Brown.

(To be concluded.)

## LAKE LERE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE MACLEOD FALLS ON THE MAO KABI.

An explanation is due to the reader that "we" consisted of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Talbot and myself, who were journeying through Southern and Northern Nigeria and the German Kameruns to Fort Lamy, the capital of the French military territory of Chad—whence we returned, across Lake Chad, to Maifoni, and so back *via* Kano and Lagos. Lake Léré lies in French Ubangi, a few miles from the border of the German Kameruns, and was the first place under French jurisdiction that we visited. It forms part of the waterway that in the rainy season connects Lake Chad with the West Coast, by the Benue and Niger, though in two places above this land portage is still necessary.

On the high banks of Lake Léré's southern shore hills rise some hundred feet in height—below them are the smooth waters of the lake, and the domed villages are surrounded by wide solitudes.

To the west the Mao Kabi flows out of the lake, and, beyond, the range of the Kaa Chiu deprives the day of glory before its time, as if desirous to hasten the harmonies and soft shadows of waning light. But the lake requires no setting, for mystery ever reigns over that enchanted region.

Three attempts have been made to plumb its depths, but though the lake is only some thirty miles in circumference and the neighboring hills are low, no line has ever reached the bottom.

On three small islands dotted over the lake low trees and bushes form a matted tangle where tiny birds find shelter, and where heron, geese, and duck return each night to seek repose from daylight wanderings. Hippopotami lumber through the thickets in search of some muddy space large enough for their heavy gambols. The flowers and creepers that they crush in their passage seem to spring to life again almost before they are gone by. On the sandy shore amaryllids burst their sheaths amid the black rocks of crumbling mica, and the thick shell of the water-snail contrasts with the translucent tints of its more fragile brethren—amongst others a species of cockle which we saw floating in myriads upon the lake, where they make fairy rafts for hosts of bright-hued dragon-fly. Amid this ecstasy of life the gray trunk of a dead tree stands out a lonely sentinel of fate, but a fish-eagle, perching on a bare bough, linked death with life.

We made our way to one of these islands, and landed to find ourselves

amongst a dense population of millipedes. For the sake of those happily ignorant, I may explain that these creatures are of the length and shape of a sausage, and of the consistency of an unglutinous black slug. They lay so thickly on the ground that it was hard to avoid treading on them, and disfigured the branches of the thick bush as would the excrescences of a black fungus. Dislike of them deterred us more effectually from exploration than did the brambles that laid hold of our hair and clothes, and wrung cries of pain from our soldier gun-boy Kukawa. Instead we pulled off our shoes and stockings and sought refuge in the water, where at least we were safe from seeing the perils that surrounded us. We paddled to a depth that made us deliciously wet, though the usual penalty for nice things had to be paid when we scrambled back with bare feet on to the burning hot, blister-raising canoe.

Daylight was on the wane as we paddled across to Due on the mainland. There the chief greeted us with the utmost cordiality, and, though he had taken the precaution of denying the existence of cows, large calabashes of milk soon appeared in obedience to our demands.

We went up to the village, and found it built in the usual Mundong style—the variations consisting in the number of inner rooms and in the degree of dirt endured by its inhabitants, which in some cases was very great. Goats and fowls had the freedom of the compound, and a considerable number of horses were stabled in the innermost chambers, where fires were lit to save them from the murderous attack of tsetse flies. Lumps of their dung were plastered on the house walls to dry in the sun for use as fuel, dried stalks of the dum palms being practically the only alternative. The doors were of zana matting, held in place by hinges of twine passed through holes at the

sides of the entrances, which, as well as serving their ordinary purpose, formed a receptacle for oddments such as hairpins, some of which we bought. The man of the house showed a certain hesitation at parting with his wives' belongings, but he displayed a greater eagerness to have our money.

The furniture consisted of comparatively high, well-ornamented stools, and plank beds more or less uneven and always narrow, which, for the occupation of the great, were raised from the ground by tiny two-inch legs. Almost every house contained some instrument of music, generally a pipe and often a kind of guitar. We offered to buy one of these, but the owner refused to sell it, because, while he played it, as our interpreter explained, "Anger no fit to catch him."

The people showed us a simple friendliness very different from the ferocity which is attributed to them—probably on no more substantial ground than their nakedness. The women wear nothing more than a strip of cloth, or a blade of guinea corn, which is just as effective and much prettier, though sometimes a bunch of stalks or the dried leaves of the dum palm are preferred. Some of them were engaged in making pots out of plastic clay, which they moulded and ornamented without other utensil than a piece of shell, of particular interest to us, as it was of a similar species to that originally discovered by P. A. on Lake Chad in 1904. A finish is sometimes given to the pottery by a glaze, obtained from a mimosa.

As we passed down the path that led from the village to the lake, we noticed a little lamp that lay half-hidden in thick grass, placed there for the use of the spirits of the dead.

We found our tents had been erected on a narrow strip of sand with but a few feet between us and the water, from which manatee raised their round



heads and fish splashed as they leaped to escape a crocodile's devouring jaws. P. A. played St. George to their dragon and killed a monster, in the confident hope that he would retrieve its body in the morning; but its brethren gathered overnight and celebrated a different form of funeral rite. They held their wake close to us, and one thrust his snout against the flap of Dorry's (Mrs. Talbot's) tent, while another almost overthrew mine by a clumsy trip over the pegs. However, P. A. had erected barricades of chairs and tables outside our doors, to warn us should they attempt to intrude, and himself kept guard all night armed with his mightiest weapons.

Our days were spent paddling peacefully about the lake on our way from one township to another, and wherever we went we received the same welcome. At Dissi it was from a female chieftain, a good-looking young woman named Netigera, who had been appointed to the succession by her brother as he lay on his deathbed. Nor is she the only Mundong woman to hold this honor, for the mother of the Lamido of Léré is chieftainess of a village to the north of the lake.

Our reputation as buyers had evidently preceded us, for at Kawari the women had removed temptation from their husbands and from us by the concealment of all treasures. In vain we gazed at the ceilings and doors and all the usual places, but as we turned away in despair, our head-man descended from the roof in triumph with a mass of objects under his arm. An iron poker was among them, and as pokers are rarely found amongst primitive peoples we could not resist buying it, though at a price amply satisfactory to its vendor. We also bought a bird-snare of attractive simplicity, made of fine string, with slip-knots divided from each other by small lumps of earth. When set, grain is placed

near by to tempt the victim to destruction,—as it hops away the leg becomes entangled in the line, which at once pulls taut and holds it captive. Another curious article consisted of two oval iron rings attached to opposite ends of a short piece of string, which was itself weighted in the centre with a piece of metal. The owner said it was part of a bridle, which it obviously was not, and refused to sell it; but Dorry suggests that it may be an instrument of torture for the ears, as she had seen something similar among other tribes.

We walked back to the boat across the hills, and on our way a mud-colored snake with a cutaway tail and dark diamond markings struck at one of the boys, who deftly caught it in a cleft stick—mercifully, for it was of a kind to deal death in ten minutes.

We had left all in peace, but to peace we did not return, for washerman and cook had fallen out and were engaged in a fight, which we interrupted. Neither of the combatants wished to bring their case into court, but P. A. insisted on sitting on it judicially. Iron, milk, knife, and blow were words that came very frequently into the story, which, however, remained unintelligible to me. Whether P. A. understood the rights of it or not I do not know, but in summing up he refrained from reference to the case in point, and merely gave utterance to biblical maxims about not striking back, and then ended with the assertion that he was master, and reserved to himself all decisions as to right or wrong. Why this should be so effective has puzzled me ever since, but the fact remains that the combat has not been renewed.

Iguanas basked on the rocks and manatees sported in the waters, and P. A., inspired with the lust to kill, started off in a native canoe, undaunted by the knowledge that to turn round for a shot must overturn his

craft. His awkward position prevented his seeing a manatee that followed him for a considerable distance, lifting its head for minutes together to look and ponder on the strangeness of his appearance. A manatee is sometimes called the African mermaid, and its chief claim to this name is that it carries its young in its arms. To me its large round head gave more the appearance of a seal, and its skin, in a dried state, is harder and thicker than any hide.

Our Mundong waterman was very restless. Though the water teemed with crocodiles, he jumped off the seat to the bottom of the canoe and back again, as if the vessel were as motion-proof as an ocean steamer. We so little appreciated this practice that, after entrusting ourselves to his care for a short while, we returned to exchange him for another. Unluckily this other was decking himself for shore fun, of which we suspect he had already tasted, for his unwillingness to come was only equalled by his gaily when he did. His mirth was uninfected, and all we could do was to sway in exact contradiction to his movements, and thus preserve some semblance of balance, for he blandly refused to go ashore, and more active measures would have brought instant disaster. P. A.'s anxiety was for the salvation of his new gun, while I wondered whether we should survive long enough to count how many crocodiles fed off us, when our boatman suddenly consented to land at some rocks. After this deliverance P. A. took charge of the canoe himself, and we devoted ourselves to the truly peaceful occupation of fishing. Not even a bite disturbed our quiet, though we tried the long line, short line, and harling. It was tantalizing, for fish of all sizes jumped round us, and, indeed, they appear mostly to live their lives on the surface. The natives fish when hun-

ger drives them, but they prefer to do so in the dry season, when the lake falls some 13 feet, though its height constantly varies according to the wind. There are three different methods of fishing, the principal of which is with a long bag-shaped net that the fish enter with ease, but the meshes of which close round the fins as they try to back out. The second is by unbarbed hooks and a short line attached to a light calabash float, which is probably dragged for miles through the water ere a big fish can be landed. The third way is with barbed spears, but this is not very effectual, for the distances thrown are small, and the aim cannot be accurate from a wobbly perch on a canoe roughly hewn from the trunk of a tree.

We were bound to be on the Logone on November 10, and could afford to spend no more time on the lake, so we returned sadly to Léré. As we entered the river, the sight of many grasses aroused our collecting instincts, particularly that of one with blade-like bracts, which differed from any we had ever seen.

Monsieur Bertaut, the Resident at Léré, welcomed us with his usual hospitality, and a few hours later, when we were at lunch, he disclosed to us a plan he intended to carry out for the exploration of the hitherto undiscovered falls of the Mao Kabi river. He had gone to seek them once before, but said that though within sound of the fall an impenetrable tangle of bush and creeper divided him from his goal. Monsieur Bouhaben had suffered the same experience; and both alike had resigned more persistent effort in favor of the chase, for giraffe had come to lure them from their search. No black man has seen these falls, for the tradition is that a devil makes them his dwelling-place. Monsieur Bertaut furthermore declared the country to be thick with game, and invited P. A. to

accompany him. It was in the direction we wished to go, but was a tsetse-fly region where horses could not live, and our kind host evidently considered walking out of the question for Dorry and me. How to make him think otherwise became our anxious task, for we could not bear to be left out, and it was not long before we persuaded him that a woman could always do what she wanted to.

We started the next afternoon, and had a tiresome march. The carriers procrastinated and only dribbled in at sundown, so got tired and fell down long before we reached our destination. One man laid down his load and bolted. The path led past the lake of Tréné. We camped in a village of that name, and the following night slept at Full. Here Monsieur Bertaut joined us, and our united expedition began next day with the passage of the Mao Kabi. It has a bad reputation. The natives fear it so much that they keep no canoe upon its waters, and those we used had been brought all the way from Léré for us. They say that hippopotami attack the boats, and once overturned their erstwhile occupants have little chance of escape from the crocodiles with which the river teems. The previous year two Europeans had been upset and were never seen again, but as they were traders travelling with much merchandise, and their loads were also lost, it is just possible that the hippopotami were not solely responsible. We crossed without casualty, squatting on bumpy saddle-bags at the bottom of a watery canoe, though there was some trouble in the main stream, for the current again and again swept us into the bushes of a backwater, while M. Bertaut exhorted us to courage by the oft-repeated words, "N'ayez pas peur." A scrimmage and shouts from the rear revealed some misfortune, and we each conjured up the greatest loss we could severally

sustain. P. A. was in consternation lest it might be the box that contained his bills and accounts. Providence was good and spared them, though its protection did not extend to our chairs and cushions, which were only rescued after a great deal of agitation and bother. It took a long time to get everything over, after which we had a short march of eleven miles through deserted country. Fields of maize and guinea-corn bore testimony to recent industry, and led one to look for a thriving population; but the absence of flocks and herds told a sadder tale, and village after village lay bare and tenantless. Tsetse-fly had killed first cattle, then goats, and even dogs, and had forced the people to wander away in search of kinder regions; while the township of Lata had in addition suffered a yet more terrible scourge, for ten of its children and seven women had become the prey of wild beasts.

We pitched our camp in the bush, and through the hum of insect life, borne on the fitful gusts of the night wind, we heard the dull boom of falling water, that told us we were nearing the object of our hopes.

Next morning a two hours' march brought us to our base. As we approached it our excitement rose, for the path led across water-courses, mostly dry at this season except for deep pools connected by a mere trickle, and in their beds were the tracks of all sorts of beasts,—monkeys, bush-cow, leopards, lion, rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotami, and giraffe,—and as we crossed, baboon grunted from either side.

We were carried over those larger streams that still contained a good deal of water, balancing on a black man's shoulder, which we tried to sit with a simulation of ease. This the bearer seldom permitted us to maintain, for he jerked us steadily backwards till it became a question of knee-grip and

endurance. M. Bertaut saw and took pity, and lent me an enormous Senegals sergeant, whose gentleness and strength robbed the passage of its horrors. His comrades say of him that when a bull causes him annoyance he has merely to remove it by the leg, and the animal recognizes the power behind it and says nothing. M. Bertaut suffered for his generosity, and was almost dropped into the water by his less-skilled carrier—as P. A. was quite; but the former hastened to reassure us by the words, "Moi je n'ai pas eu peur."

Our camp was pitched on a narrow strip of ground raised out of a swamp that encircled three sides of it, while the fourth side was girt with a clear shallow river that ran swiftly over a rocky bed. Here we remained till the sun had lost its power, and we could start on a preliminary search for the falls.

M. Bertaut led the way, but showed great courtesy, for he paused that we might all be together whenever he thought that it was possible to light upon some discovery. His consideration was all the more generous, as the natural wish to be the first to discover the oft-sought falls must have been intensified in his own district, and also we were of different nationality. Together we broke through high spiky grass, which concealed sharp granite rocks, and picked our way in and out of scattered mimosas and low scrub in pursuance of the sound of water. We struck the river at a point where two streams joined, to race in wild precipitancy down some rapids. On the opposite shore trees crept down to the river's brink. We followed its course until, at a sharp bend in the banks, a tributary from the other side added its waters to the main stream, which thus united in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. To a daughter of Scotland such a symbol at the outset must

needs be of good augury, though, had we never seen the falls, these rapids in their beauty and interest of position would have rewarded a far more arduous journey.

We renewed our search the next day, when our party was sadly diminished, for Dorry had strained her leg in the scramble, and M. Bertaut was, unfortunately, obliged to return to Léré.

Our plan of campaign was to follow a more distant tributary than that we had just explored till it joined the Mao Kabi, and then walk right up to the St. Andrew's cross, so as to put beyond doubt whether it was by a series of rapids, or a big fall, that the water reached the lower level.

Baboon temptation assailed us early in the day, and because it was early P. A. yielded, and left the straight and narrow path in their pursuit, to be tempted still further by the fresh spoor of every kind of game. The sun recalled us to the business in hand, and we made our way down the river-bed, where lovely blue and pink flowers grew beneath the luxuriant foliage of water-fed trees. In the rainy season this rivulet must be still more beautiful, for then the water would sweep in gay cascades down four walls of rock, from 20 to 40 feet in height, at the bottom of which we confidently expected to find the main stream. Disappointment awaited us, for the Mao Kabi had spread into an immense swamp that extended as far as the eye could see. Evidently the falls now lay above us, and to fortify ourselves for a prolonged scramble up and down the steep stony cañons, two or three hundred feet high, that had now to be negotiated, we called for the water-bottle, but it had sprung a leak and not a drop remained. Then began a time of real hardship, for we had to force our way through grass that left its dust in our eyes and noses, and its

spiked barbs in our legs and bodies; over granite boulders that caught and reflected every ray of sun, till the heat was like a furnace, and our feet and hands swelled, and face, eyelids, and lips blistered, while our throats became so parched that we could hardly swallow, and grew sick. We slithered and scrambled on in desperate effort to reach the river, trying not to scream from the pain of the mimosa thorns, and to resist the desperate temptation of grasping the poisonous cactus lianes that hung alluringly down, as if to offer a support which, if accepted, would irritate the skin beyond all endurance. We were almost at our last gasp when P. A. remembered that he had brought a tin of apricots for luncheon, and in a trice that tin was open and its juice gulped down. He was heroic, and insisted on my having the lion's share, and I was not heroic, and accepted it. What it meant to us no words can ever say! Assuaged, though not satisfied, we pressed on, till presently, from the brow of a hill, we saw the river lying some 400 feet below. A man was sent for water at once, but the cliff was precipitous, and he returned, having found the climb impossible, and we were forced to proceed till a place was reached where descent was practicable. Then we sat at last and drank in bliss: hippo' crashed through the bush below, and a fish-eagle circled over a pool, so girt with sheer cliff that it is wellnigh impossible that a human being should ever penetrate its solitudes.

When we continued it was to slither down two or three hundred feet of precipitous gorge and scramble up another in ever-increasing intimacy with the sharp grass and jagged rocks, though encouraged by the mighty sound of rushing water to which we drew ever

nearer and nearer. I found my heart thumping. In a few minutes our toil was to be rewarded, and the Falls of the Mao Kabl, for thousands of years unseen, would be revealed to us. Another moment and we were on the summit of a cliff that overlooked the river as it rushed tempestuously between its granite walls, gathering impetus for a plunge of 60 feet down either side of a huge boulder into a rock-gort basin below. The reverberation was tremendous, and spray rose in drenching clouds, and, as if to promise peace to their turbulence, a rainbow shone through the glistening drops, making a radiant bridge of hope across and through the stormiest strife of waters. Scrub trees had partially veiled it from our sight, and as we sought a way down the precipice, a strong smell of baboon indicated we were passing by one of their fastnesses. Two big snakes glided away as we approached. Whether it were the sheer descent, with nothing between us and the seething torrent below, or the anger of the Djinn of the falls that he feared, we do not know, but our attendant Kukawa lifted up his voice and wailed aloud until we had once more returned to safety.

Not many obstacles lay between the falls and the St. Andrew's cross, and as we retraced our steps to camp that night, we were able to congratulate ourselves that the work of exploration was complete.

M. Bertaut has kindly expressed his wish to name the Falls after me—"Les chutes MacLeod"—and as Commandant Maillard, then acting for the military territory of Chad, confirmed his suggestion, I can only say how greatly I appreciate the honor they have done me.

*Oliver MacLeod.*



## A NEW ISSUE.

"Do you know anything about stamps?" asked my young friend Bobby. He has been having a week's holiday in honor of the Coronation and has been making a nuisance of himself because he saw it and I didn't. However, as I point out to him, I was at least alive at the Diamond Jubilee.

"Do I—what?"

"Know anything about stamps?"

"My dear Bobby," I said, "I know everything about everything."

"Coo—I bet you don't. You don't know what Tomlinson's average is this term."

"Ah, now you've just hit upon the one thing—"

"Well, it's thirty-eight."

"Batting or bowling?"

Bobby looked coldly at me.

"I was going to ask you about my stamp," he said; "but if you're going to be funny—"

"I'm not, I promise. This isn't my day for levity. Show me the stamp."

I collected stamps when I was Bobby's age. I suppose in those days I did know something about them, but they have altered since my time; with the result that I can now only judge them by the beauty or otherwise of the illustration. Sometimes I come across a letter stamped with the representation of a volcano or an iceberg or a couple of jaguars—whatever it may be, and I have sent it off eagerly to some youthful philatelist; to receive a week later such formal thanks as are generally reserved for the man who offers you a large Cabbage White for your butterfly collection.

"It's just got a lion or something on it, and a josses's head, and some other things," said Bobby, searching in his pocket. "Uncle Henry sent it to me."

The description seemed to apply to a good many stamps.

"Any words?"

"Wait a sec.," said Bobby, and he ran it to ground in his right-hand trouser pocket. "Here it is."

It could claim to be unused, and by so much the more valuable, but another week or two in Bobby's pocket might have invalidated its claim. However I had no doubt that I had never seen a stamp like it before.

"Who is the josses?" said Bobby.

"It's nobody I know," I said, looking at it closely, "unless—no—it isn't your Uncle William, is it?"

"It's got 'postage revenue' on it," Bobby pointed out. "So it must be Colonial, I should think. wouldn't you?"

"Yes, that shows it couldn't be foreign. This looks like an African lion to me. I expect it's the new South African stamp. That's *Botha*."

"I believe it's Australian," said Bobby. "It's just the color of some of the Australian stamps."

"Sometimes you can tell by the gum. The gum from the Australian gum-tree tastes quite different from any other sort."

Bobby tasted it carefully. "It's just like ordinary gum," he said, when he had finished it.

We looked at it again, and then Bobby went and got an atlas. He turned to the map whereon the British possessions are marked red. There were an awful lot of them.

"You see, it might be any one of these little islands," I said. "After all, we're pretty sure it isn't one of the big colonies, because we've seen photographs of the premiers in all the illustrated papers, and this isn't really like any of them."

"I saw old *Fisher* in the procession—"

"No, no, Bobby, not again," I remonstrated.

He blushed and put the stamp back in his pocket.

"Anyhow," he said, "it's awfully decent of Uncle Henry, isn't it? I believe it's most beastly rare."

"Well, look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm lunching to-morrow with a man who's a great philatelist."

"Coo. What's that?"

"It means he collects stamps—and I'll ask him about yours. And I'll send you a line."

"Oh, I say, thanks awfully," said Bobby.

My philatelist had never heard of it. No doubt I described it badly; my memories were a little vague for one thing, and for another I was probably wrong to have assumed that it went into Bobby's pocket the same smudgy color as it came out. He was interested, however, in the gum test, and on my suggestion, made on the spur of the moment, that it was a mid-Victorian issue of one of the islands in the South Pacific, he proposed that it should be sent to him for examination. I wrote to Bobby to this effect and went into the post-office for a stamp.

"One?" said the lady.

"Only one," I admitted humbly.

She threw one at me. I picked it up and then gave a jump.

"Where did you get this from?" I cried. "Did Uncle Henry send you one, too?"

Punch.

"Do you want another one?"

"Why, have you got any more?" I asked excitedly. "What could you let me have a dozen for?"

"A shilling."

"Done," I said gladly, thinking how Bobby would like them for exchange.

"Oh, and I want a penny stamp, please."

She threw another one of the same kind at me.

"I asked for a simple penny English stamp," I began sarcastically, "and you give me another of these rare Tasman—" Then it occurred to me quite suddenly that perhaps I was an ass.

"Tell me," I said, going hot and cold all over, "who is this gentleman?" and I indicated the top part of the stamp.

"That is the *King*."

"Of England?"

"And Scotland and Ireland and Wales and—"

"Yes, yes. And who is this?"

"That's a lion."

"Just an ordinary lion? You're sure it's not meant for anybody particular?"

"Yes. Do you want another one?"

"No, thank you," I said sadly, and I took my stamp home with me. I put it on another envelope, and wrote another letter to Bobby.

"Dear Bobby," I wrote, "I am sending you a second one. It is not so beastly rare as we thought, and if I were you I should tell Uncle Henry all about the Coronation."

A. A. M.

## LIFE IN LONDON: THE BANQUET.

In every large London restaurant, and in many small ones, there is a spacious hall (or several) curtained away from the public, in which every night strange secret things go on. Few suspect, and still fewer realize, the strangeness of these secret things. In

the richly decorated interior (sometimes marked with mystic signs), at a table which in space reaches from everlasting to everlasting, and has the form of a grill or a currycomb or the end of a rake—at such a table sit fifty or five hundred males. They are all

dressed exactly alike, in black and white; but occasionally they display a colored flower, and each man bears exactly the same species and tint and size of flower, so that you think of regiments of flowers trained throughout their lives in barracks to the end of shining for a night in unison on the black and white bosoms of these males. Although there is not even a buffet in the great room, and no sign of the apparatus of a restaurant, all these males are eating a dinner, and it is the same dinner. They do not wish to choose; they accept, reading the menu like a decree of fate. They do not inquire upon the machinery; a slave, unglanced at, places a certain quantity of a dish in front of them—and lo! the same quantity of the same dish is in front of all of them; they do not ask whence nor how it came; they eat, with industry, knowing that at a given moment, whether they have finished or not, a hand will steal round from behind them, and the plate will vanish into limbo. Thus the repast continues, ruthlessly, under the aquiline gaze of a slave who is also a commander-in-chief, manœuvring his men silently, manœuvring them with naught but a glance. With one glance he causes to disappear five hundred salad-plates, and with another he conjures from behind a screen five hundred ices, each duly below zero, and each calculated to impede the digesting of a salad. The service of the dinner is a miracle, but the diners, absorbed in the expectancy of rites to come, reckon not; they assume the service as they assume the rising of the sun. Only a few remember the old, old days, in the 'eighties (before a cabal of international Jews had put their heads together and inaugurated a new age of miracles), when these solemn repasts were a scramble and a guerilla, after which one half of the combatants went home starving, and the other half went

home gluttoned and drenched. Nowadays these repasts are the most perfectly democratic in England; and anybody who has ever assisted at one knows by a morsel of experience what life would be if the imaginative Tory's nightmare of Socialism were to become a reality. But each person has enough, and has it promptly.

The ceremonial begins with a meal, because it would be impossible on an empty stomach. Its object is ostensibly either to celebrate the memory of some deed of some dead man, or to signalize the triumph of some living contemporary. Clubs and societies exist throughout London in hundreds expressly for the execution of these purposes, and each of them is a remunerative client of a large restaurant. Societies even exist solely in order to watch for the triumphs of contemporaries, and to gather in the triumphant to a repast and inform them positively that they are great. So much so that it is difficult to accomplish anything unusual, such as the discovery of one pole or another, or the successful defence of a libel action, without submitting to the ordeal of these societies one after the other in a chain, and emerging therefrom with modesty ruined and the brazen conceit of a star actor. But the ostensible object is merely a cover for the real object, the unadmitted and often unsuspected object: which is, to indulge in a debauch of universal mutual admiration. When the physical appetite is assuaged, then the appetite for praise and sentimentality is whetted, and the design of the mighty institution of the banquet is to minister, in a manner majestic and unexceptionable, to this base appetite, whose one excuse is its *naïveté*.

A pleasurable and even voluptuous thrill of anticipation runs through the assemblage when the chairman rises to open the orgy. Everybody screws

himself up, as a fiddler screwing the pegs of a fiddle, to what he deems the correct pitch of appreciativeness; and almost the breath is held. And the chairman says: "Whatever differences may divide us upon other subjects, I am absolutely convinced, and I do not hesitate to state my conviction in the clearest possible way, that we are enthusiastically and completely agreed upon one point," the point being that such and such a person or such and such a work is the greatest person or the greatest work of the kind in the whole history of the human race. And although the point is one utterly inadmissible upon an empty stomach, although it is indeed a glaring falsity, everybody at once feverishly endorses it, either with shrill articulate cries, or with deep inarticulate booming, or with noises produced by the shock of flesh on flesh, or ivory on wood, or steel on crystal. The uproar is enormous. The chairman grows into a sacramental priest, or philosopher of amazing insight and courage. And everybody says to himself: "I had not screwed myself up quite high enough," and proceeds to a further screwing. And in every heart is the thought: "This is grand! This is worth living for! This alone is the true reward of endeavor!" And the corporate soul muses ecstatically: "This work, or this man, is ours, by reason of our appreciation and our enthusiasm. And he, or it, is ours exclusively." And, since the soul and the body are locked together in the closest sympathetic intimacy, all those cautious dyspeptic ones who have hitherto shirked danger, immediately put on courage like a splendid garment, and order the strongest drinks and the longest cigars that the establishment can offer. The real world fades into unreality; the morrow is lost in eternity; the moment and the illusion alone are real.

The key of the mood is to be sought

less in the speeches as they succeed each other than in the applause. For the applauders are not influenced by a sense of responsibility, or made self-conscious by publicity. They can be natural, and they are. What fear can prevent them from translating instantly their emotions into sound? By the applause, if you are a slave and non-participator, you may correct your too kindly estimate of men in the mass. Note how the most outrageous exaggeration, the grossest flattery, the most banal platitude, the most fatuous optimism, gain the loudest approval. Note how any reservation produces a fall of temperature. Note how the smallest jokes are seized on ravenously, as a worm by a young bird. And note always the girlish sentimentality, ever gushing forth, of these strong, hard-headed males whose habit is to proverbialize the sentimentality of women.

The emotional crisis arrives. Feeling transcends the vehicle of speech, and escapes in song. And one guest, honored either for some special deed of his own or because his name has been "coupled" with some historic deed or movement, remains sitting, in the most exquisite self-consciousness that human ingenuity ever brought about, while all the rest fling hoarsely at him the fifteen sacred words of a refrain which in its incredible vulgarity surpasses even the National Anthem.

The reaction is now not far off. But owing to several reasons it is postponed yet awhile. The honored guest's response is one of the chief attractions of the night. Very many diners have been drawn to the banquet by the desire to inspect the honored guest at their leisure, to see his antics, to divine his human weaknesses and his ridiculous side. And, moreover, the honored guest must give praise for praise, and lie for lie. He is bound by the strictest conventions of social intercourse to say in so many words:

"Gentlemen, you are the most enlightened body of men that I ever had the good fortune to meet; and your hospitality is the greatest compliment that I have ever had, or ever shall have, or could conceive. Each of you is a prince of the earth. And I am a worm . . ." And then there are the minor speeches, finishing off in detail the vast embroidery of laudation which was begun by the Chairman. Everybody is more or less enfolded in that immense mantle. And everybody is satisfied and sated, save those who have sat through the night awaiting the sweet mention of their own names, and who have been disappointed. At every banquet there are such. And it is they who, by their impatience, definitely cause the reaction at last. The speakers who terminate

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the affair fight against the reaction in vain. The applause at the close is perfunctory—how different from the fever of the commencement and the hysteria of the middle! The illusion is over. The emotional debauch is finished. The adult and bearded boys have played the delicious make-believe of being truly great, and the game is at an end; and each boy, looking within, perceives without too much surprise that he is after all only himself. A cohort "of the best," foregathered in the cloak-room, say to each other, "Delightful evening! Splendid! Rippling!" And then one says, ironically leering, in a low voice, and a tone heavy with realistic disesteem: "Well, what do you think of—?" Naming the lion of the night.

Arnold Bennett.

## GERMANY AND MOROCCO.

We do not believe that anything so terrible as a disturbance of the peace of Europe will follow the action which Germany has taken at the Moroccan port of Agadir. That certain consequences will flow from that act, and ultimately consequences of a very momentous kind, is probable, but for the moment at any rate they will not be sensational. German action, however, with its very disquieting, nay, alarming effect upon Europe, provides a striking illustration of what we have so often said about the international situation and the peace of the world. Many excellent people are in the habit of asking us why we consider the condition of Europe to be precarious, and why we are so wicked as to suggest that other Powers, meaning thereby Germany, are not as sincerely anxious for peace as we are. "Why do you not give them credit for as good intentions as those of the Brit-

ish people and Government and the other Governments of the world?" That is a question very natural and very easy to ask, and one which is, we are fully aware, asked by a great many people in perfect sincerity—people who regard us as bloodthirsty Jingo goes incapable of understanding that the angel of peace is abroad in the world. Our answer—an answer which, again, has always seemed to our critics unsatisfactory, cynical, and unjust—is that the peace of the world can only be permanently maintained if all the chief Powers are satisfied with the *status quo*. The peace of the world means the maintenance of the *status quo*.

If there is any one strong Power which is not satisfied with the *status quo*, but regards it as inimical to her just aspirations and ambitions, and therefore an injury to her, it is ridiculous to pretend that peace would be assured to the world but for the crim-



inal incitements of militant journalists. But while we have said that the difficulty of assuring peace by agreement is caused by the fact that Germany looks upon the *status quo* as injurious to her, especially in the matter of sea power, we have never failed to point out that we regard the German people with the greatest sympathy and respect, and believe that as a whole they do not in the least share the ambitions and aspirations of their rulers, but would infinitely prefer to leave things alone and remain at peace with all mankind. We have been obliged to add, however, that the views of the mass of the German people are utterly unimportant in this connection, first, because the Germans are essentially an obedient people and do what their Government tells them to do; and, secondly, because in any case they are prevented from exercising any real influence on military, naval, and foreign affairs. The Reichstag no doubt often hampers the German Executive, and in minor matters is a considerable source of trouble to it, but when once any great and momentous decision involving peace or war is taken the very limited reign of the toga and the civilian in Germany passes away. What we have got to consider is the ruling caste and not the people. As we have said, the ruling caste are not satisfied with the *status quo*, but are anxious for many developments which mean its destruction. And here again let us be careful to be just to Germany. We cannot with anything approaching fairness to the ruling caste say that they are actuated by wicked motives. They do not, however, believe that war or the threat of war is a bad thing. On the contrary, they sincerely and honestly believe that war is a great instrument of policy, not to be used lightly, no doubt, but never to be abandoned or forgotten. They have great and, as they think, noble, God-given aims, and

they wish to use their army and navy to further those aims, not necessarily by war, but certainly when necessary by the display of their powers on sea and land. They do not want to draw the sword, but nothing will induce them to abandon the right of emphasizing argument by tapping the sword-hilt or half drawing the sword from its sheath. Now the dispatch of the German warships to the port of Agadir, in South Morocco, at the head of the Sus River and Valley, is an example of Germany's unwillingness to recognize the *status quo* as binding upon her, and of her desire to alter it without thought of any considerations but her own special interests. This is not wicked on the part of Germany. It is simply a fact which we are bound to take note of, and which if not taken note of will put us in far greater danger than ever of a European conflagration.

Everybody is asking, What is Germany's object, and why has this bolt from the blue fallen so suddenly? That the alleged object, the protection of German interests in the neighborhood of the Sus River, is the real object cannot be regarded as serious. That may be the excuse, but it is certainly not the reason. In all probability the German action is due to a great many motives, all converging on one point—the advisability of Germany asserting herself at a convenient moment. Though it may not be written over the doors of the German Foreign Office, there is certainly written in the hearts of the German official class: "Never miss a good opportunity of making the rest of the Powers feel that nothing can be settled without Germany being first considered and consulted, and the world being reminded that she is a Power that cannot be overlooked." German publicists and politicians sometimes call this Germany's protest against "being hemmed in." Other

people are apt to call it Germany's determination to assert herself as the arbiter of Europe, somewhat after the manner—but with much more science and power—that Napoleon III. asserted himself in the period between the close of the Crimean War and the outbreak of the war with Germany. Added to this motto is the limitation: "Let Germany always assert herself at the moment when such assertion will be most likely to produce results without producing war, for war, like an operation in medicine, must always be to some extent a confession of failure as well as a risk."

So much for the governing principle. Below that there is an instinctive desire on the part of the statesmen who control Foreign Affairs in Germany to test the international conditions by what we might call, in continuation of our medical simile, small exploratory operations. They are always desiring to test the efficacy of the triple *entente*. The idea seems to be that if they do this often enough some day either Russia or Britain, possibly through a defect of diplomacy or temper, will be led into some action which may be represented as not quite loyal to France. But if this should take place there would be a tremendous asset available for German diplomacy which could be used to isolate one or other of those Powers. The Germans would be able to go to Paris and say: "See how worthless the *entente* really is, and therefore in what a dangerous position you are. Germany would really like to be friendly to you, but so long as you maintain the *entente* with these two Powers you are provoking Germany. Yet, as recent events show, the *entente* is almost good for nothing. Some day you will find that you have provoked Germany too far, and then your so-called allies will desert you, and you will have to pay the whole of the terrible cost payable by

those who cross the path of Germany." If this succeeded, and the *entente* were broken up, Germany would clearly have scored a great success diplomatically, but what real hope is there of success? "In vain is the net set in the sight of any bird." We confess that such procedure strikes us as rather too naïve.

Probably another consideration which has influenced Germany to use the troubles in Morocco is the talk which there has been of late in England about the necessity of treating Germany more fairly and giving her a "place in the sun." Certain well-meaning people here take the German complaints in this respect quite seriously and, astonishing as it may seem, really think that Germany is a kind of poor relation who, through being *gauche*, has not been fairly treated. Therefore they want, as they call it with patronizing imbecility, "to give Germany a chance." The German Foreign Office is not averse from finding out by action such as that at Agadir what is the value of all this talk. It argues: "If the talk should turn to be genuine our action will alarm and disturb the French, and so help to weaken the *entente*. If, on the other hand, the talk of the Liberals is proved to be not genuine our action will be almost as useful. In that event we shall have a splendid argument to use against those Germans who are beginning to say that it is no good to go on spending so much money on the Navy, as it only provokes England and accomplishes nothing. If British opinion becomes excited over Agadir, and we have to withdraw, the Navy League and those officials who secretly support its extreme demands will be in clover. They will be able to say to the people: 'We could do nothing, and had to accept a great humiliation because we were not strong enough at sea. Give us a stronger Navy by

means of a new and expanded naval programme and we shall not be in danger of such humiliation again.' Thus it is hoped that Germany will be able to have it both ways. If she succeeds there will be a splendid Imperial triumph for use at the General Election. If she fails there will be a most powerful argument for further naval developments. For those who believe in the wisdom of fishing in troubled waters the situation can thus be represented as ideal. France has intervened in Morocco with an armed force. Spain has followed suit. Now Germany desires and claims the right to take similar action. If she is not to be allowed to do so she will ask the reason why, and the answer is sure to give her opportunities which will be useful externally and internally.

How ought the British Government and the British people to meet this situation? The first answer to the question is: by perfect loyalty to our friends the French. There is not the slightest fear of France being unreasonable or suggesting action which will provoke war, but in any case we must show her that we are absolutely loyal to the *entente*. With this governing principle premised, the next thing to do is to keep cool and not to get into a flutter about German action or to do anything heady and sensational. No doubt if we make sufficient protests about Agadir we can get the Germans to withdraw, but they will only withdraw at a price, and the more anxious we are to get them out, the higher will be the price demanded by Germany for going out. It will be said perhaps: "But it is essential to British interests, quite apart from those of France, that Germany should go out." If she does not, we shall be told, it will be a case analogous to the taking of Port Arthur by Russia or of Kiaochau by Germany. The occupation will become permanent, and Germany will es-

tablish a great naval base on the Atlantic coast of Africa which will enable her to do all sorts of terrible things and threaten British naval interests. We are bound to say we are wholly sceptical in regard to the danger of a German naval base at Agadir. Let us look at the matter calmly. If Germany takes Agadir and makes a powerful naval base there, she will have to spend many millions of money, for such things are not done upon the cheap. But even Germany has not unlimited money to spend on naval preparations, and every pound thus spent at Agadir will be in the end deducted from the money which she can spend upon her Fleet. Now in our opinion German money spent upon ships, that is, upon floating things, is a much greater menace to British naval supremacy than money spent upon a naval base some five days' steaming from Germany's naval centre in the North Sea.

Naval supremacy is won by ships, not by forts; by iron, not by bricks and mortar. Furthermore, the command of the sea is won by concentration, not by dispersal of naval force. The great danger to us and the great advantage of Germany is the fact that she keeps her great war fleet always together and in one place, in a way which is not possible for any other naval Power except Japan, though it may be possible for the United States after the cutting of the Panama Canal. Germany has got two sea fronts, one on the Baltic and one on the North Sea, but the Kiel Canal enables her to have one undivided fleet. But if Germany were to establish a naval base at Agadir, either she would not use it—in which case her possession of that naval base would be of little or no importance except as a drain of money—or if she used it she would have dispersed instead of concentrated her naval force, and so would have played

our game, not hers. But perhaps it will be said: "Suppose Germany does beat us at sea, what an advantage it will be to her to have a naval base on the Atlantic ready to her hand." The answer is simple. If she beats us at sea all the naval bases in the world are hers, and she can pick them up at leisure when and where she likes. If she beats us at sea she will find Gibraltar far more convenient than Agadir. To put it in another way. If the Germans are wise and know their business their possession of Agadir will be a negligible fact till they have obtained supremacy at sea. Indeed we can understand German naval experts looking upon its possession with alarm, since it might prove a temptation to Germany to split up her Fleet. Re-

The Spectator.

member it is too far off from the Straits of Gibraltar—600 miles—for there to be any danger of Germany keeping a flotilla of torpedo destroyers there in order to make some unexpected attack upon our Mediterranean or Atlantic Fleet. But it will be urged, How about using it as a base for cruisers to prey upon our commerce? The answer is that if we beat Germany in the North Sea Agadir will be very soon and very easily "mopped up" by a British squadron.

In short, we shall be in our opinion most unwise if we grow over-excited at the thought of a German naval base at Agadir, for, to state the great and governing consideration once more, naval supremacy is maintained by fleets and not by fortified harbors.

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### THACKERAY AUTOGRAPHS.

One of the most striking and interesting features of the Thackeray Centennial Exhibition at the Charterhouse, the successful organization of which does infinite credit to the enthusiasm and energy of Messrs. Louis Melville and Walter Jerrold, is the wealth of Thackeray manuscripts and original drawings contributed by collectors on both sides of the Atlantic. From the splendid library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan came the original manuscript of *Vanity Fair*, while the manuscript of *Esmond* and that of the third volume of *The Newcomes* were loans from Trinity College, Cambridge, and Charterhouse School. Of the miscellaneous letters few were more interesting than the appeal of Dickens to Thackeray, as one of "twenty old visitors at Gore House," for a subscription of £10 towards a purse "to be presented to Marguerite Power, niece of Lady Blesington," dated December 4, 1857, and

Thackeray's cordial assent to the kindly suggestion of his brother writer, written three days later. They should obviously have been catalogued 113 and 114, as the reply now comes before the appeal. These characteristic letters were exhibited by Mr. W. T. Spencer of New Oxford Street. Mr. W. Lawrence Bradbury is the owner of Thackeray's invitation to Bradbury and Evans dated September 27, 1842, requesting the presence of "three good fellows from *Punch* at dinner," and the letter to F. M. Evans giving the reasons for Thackeray's retirement from the staff of that journal. The very early letter to Macrone (No. 102 in the dainty little catalogue, destined doubtless to fetch a high price from the Thackeray collector of 2011!) was discovered some three years ago at Bath, and contains the writer's proposal for a work in "two vollums" to be entitled *Rambles and Sketches in the Old and New*

*Paris.* This letter is, or was till quite recently, the property of Mr. Francis Edwards of High Street, Marylebone, and it is possible that some error has occurred in the description given in the catalogue, as the ownership of the next letter to it is attributed to him. There is no finer specimen in existence of Thackeray's early orthography. It is to be regretted that the priceless collection of Thackeray manuscripts and drawings in possession of Mr. Frank Sabin of Old Bond Street was not available on this interesting occasion, but some grains of consolation are afforded by such exhibits as Thackeray's letter to Professor Wilson (July 12, 1840), asking him "to give poor Titmarsh a puff"; John Leech's note on the subject of the sketches in oil he was doing for Thackeray's Show at the Egyptian Hall; the pen-and-ink colored valentine addressed by Thackeray to Sir Henry Cole in 1852, and the Murray's *Swiss Guide* of 1853 with the great satirist's quaint pencil illustrations, now belonging to the Master of the Charterhouse.

In 1853 Thackeray spoke of himself as writing no fewer than five thousand letters a year. At that time he was forty-two. *Vanity Fair*, which "completely established his reputation," had then been written six years. Taking his own statement as a basis of calculation, one may fairly surmise that between 1847 and his death in 1863 Thackeray penned no fewer than sixty-five thousand letters! He had a pardonable weakness for replying personally to autograph-hunters and other personally unknown correspondents. To children who ventured to crave his signature, he not infrequently embellished his answer with thumb-nail sketches now worth at least £5 each. From the collectors' point of view the letters of Thackeray are scarcely as valuable as those of Keats and Shelley, who wrote little and died young, but amongst the literary luminaries of

the nineteenth century the letters of no man who wrote so prolifically as Thackeray command at the present moment anything like so high a price. Before the existing "boom" in autographs set in, it was no uncommon thing to see a good Thackeray letter fetch £50. The letters of Charles Dickens (like Thackeray, a most prolific scribe) have never enjoyed anything like the same vogue. Forged letters of both Thackeray and Dickens exist in large numbers. One industrious creator of counterfeits is supposed to have devoted his whole time during several years to the manufacture of Thackeray "duffers," but although he produced a fairly good imitation of the master's upright and formal "second" handwriting, the absence of the Thackeray spirit at once stamps them as spurious. I personally have met with shoals of these shams, regarded by their innocent possessors as treasures of much value. The following are specimens, at random, of fabricated Thackeray letters:—

*Dear Sir,*—When I said that I could do no more for you for the present I meant it literally; I never once said it as a simple excuse. Besides, a great many people, well known to me, have a far more legitimate claim upon any help that I can give. When I find that your views upon hard work are different, I may perhaps have something to say to you. Believe me a lazy life is a curse to any man. Yours truly,  
W. M. Thackeray.

Here is another evidently from the same bin:—

Monday.

*Dear Sir,*—I do not think for one moment that you wish to bother me, but you do I can assure you. I have so much work before me, so many claims upon my purse, and am so ill—so much so that I can scarcely hold a pen—that I cannot for one moment listen to your proposal. Write to me in a month's time from this.—Yours very truly,  
W. M. Thackeray.



In the purchase of Thackeray letters the collector must, for obvious reasons, exercise the greatest caution. It is clearly a case of caveat emptor. Into the very shortest epistle Thackeray generally contrived to infuse his spirit of caustic humor. In my collection are several of these short but amusing notes. To the musician Hawes Thackeray writes rhymingly:—

*My dear Mr. Hawes,*

When the green curtain draws,

You shall have the applause,

of yours very truly,

W. M. T. & Co.

This cost £2 2s. six years ago. Thackeray was wholly incapable of the commonplace platitudes which the forger would foist upon him. The letters exhibited by Mr. Spencer at the Charterhouse show the close intimacy between Thackeray, Lady Blessington, the Powers, and the rest of the Seamore Place and Gore House coterie. Some years ago I came across a curiously characteristic and very witty Thackeray letter addressed to Count d'Orsay, and written on the back of a circular issued by Mr. Hogarth of 5 Haymarket, advertising the publication of the lithograph entitled "Our Saviour." Immediately on receiving it Thackeray thus addressed the dandy artist:—

*My dear Count.*—This note has just come to hand, and you see I take the freedom with you of speaking the truth. I don't like this announcement at all. Our Saviour and the Count d'Orsay ought not to appear in those big letters. It somehow looks as if you and our Lord were on a par, and put forth as equal attractions by the publisher. Don't mind my saying this, for I'm sure this sort of announcement (merely on account of the unfortunate typography) is likely to shock many honest folk.—Yours always faithfully,

W. M. Thackeray.

Thackeray was constantly in the habit of illustrating his letters, and

even of giving a humorous character to the envelopes containing them. Many of his early letters were embellished with caricature portraits of himself and his friends. In the Macrone letter of 1836 (already alluded to as an example of his first, or slanting style of writing), there is a tiny vignette of the proposed title of the new book, with a quaint arrangement of his initials. The price of this valuable item of Thackerayana is or was £50, exactly the sum which the author of *Vanity Fair* asked in the last year of King William's reign for "the first edition of a book in two vollums with 20 drawings entitled [here comes the vignette] *Rambles and Sketches in Old and New Paris*, by W. M. T." "Titmarsh" adds, "I have not of course written a word of it, that's why I offer it cheap, but I want to be made to write, and to bind myself by a contract or fine." The manuscript of such a work with the drawings and the Macrone letter would now probably realize between £1,500 and £2,000! Some of the finest of Thackeray's illustrated letters which I ever met with are now in the possession of Mr. Frank Sabin. Their value has probably trebled since 1900. In 1891, just twenty years ago, the late Mr. Frederick Barker sold an extremely good illustrated letter by Thackeray for £25. It was addressed to Miss Holmes, with a postscript in the inside of the envelope, and on the third sheet a clever sketch of Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton standing behind a lady seated at a piano. The contents of the letter are as follows:—

There is a comfortable hotel in this street, kept by a respectable family man. The charges are beds gratis, breakfasts, thank you, and dinner and tea, ditto, servants included in these charges. Get a cab from the station, and come straightway to No. 13. I dine out with the Dean of St. Paul's (you have heard of a large meeting house we have between Ludgate Hill

and Cheapside, with a round roof?). Some night we will have a select T party, but *not* whilst you are staying here. When you are in your lodgings. Why I will ask Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton himself. Bulwer's boots are very fine in the accompanying masterly design (refer to the sketch), remark the traces of emotion on the cheeks of the other author (the notorious W. M. T.), I have caricatured Dr. Newman (with an immense nose) and the Cardinal too, you ought to know that.

A very pungent Thackeray letter on the subject of Dr. Newman was a few years since in possession of Dr. Scott, the well-known autograph expert. It fetched something like £35 even then in America, and was possibly more curious and interesting than any of the correspondence shown at the Charterhouse. The Centennial Exhibition as a whole, and specially from the autograph collector's point of view, is eml-

*The Outlook.*

nently successful, but it cannot be said to represent anything like the total amount of unknown and unpublished Thackeray manuscripts, nor does it account for more than an infinitesimal portion of the sixty-five thousand letters written by the master (according to his own estimate of 1853) between 1847 and 1860. Much new matter of a very sensational nature may possibly be found in the Sabine dossier. The Exhibition however will help very materially to stimulate the prices of Thackeray manuscripts, which ten or even five years ago were an excellent investment. Whether they have, or have not, now reached the topmost price, it is difficult to say. Increase of price and the quickening of demand are obviously calculated to encourage the forger. At the present moment the would-be buyer of Thackerayana of every description should assuredly "hasten slowly."

*A. M. Broadley.*

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## THE BARRIER LINE.

People who live in Suffolk will smile at the thought of their country being unknown to anyone; yet to the majority of those who travel in England in search of beauty the parallelogram that is bounded by Cambridge and King's Lynn on the west, and Ipswich and Norwich on the east, is almost undiscovered country. The Broads and the Fens are known, the creeks and rivers of Essex are populous with those who go down to the sea in little boats for the week-end; but the smiling country that lies between remains isolated in a peculiar way. It is one of the few parts of England that remains indeed a country by itself, like Cornwall and the West Country; it is on the road to nowhere; there are no popular approaches to it by sea; and the frowning barrier of the Great Eastern Rail-

way holds it almost inviolate from the south and the west. People who live there do not talk or boast much about it; no novelist of eminence has given it literary fame; and such notoriety as it has it shares with the greater country of East Anglia of which it is a part. The obvious beauties of Surrey and the ease of access to it have long made it a vast suburb of London; Sussex with its downs and its weald lives in a state of uneasy violation by reason of the roads between London and Brighton that run through it. But stockbrokers and actresses have not discovered Suffolk; and such of the former as go to Sheringham and Cromer go by rail rather than by road, for the populous and unsightly country to the east of London keeps the motor cars away. Access to Suffolk thus involves travel

by the Great Eastern Railway; and only a great enthusiasm or a dire necessity will induce people to launch themselves from Liverpool Street Station.

It is indeed a great adventure. Liverpool Street is at once a battlefield and a museum of antiquities. There, if you are careful to avoid the really good main-line expresses, you can study to perfection the mysterious rites and dark superstitions connected with early travel by railway in England. Sometimes, if I have time to spare, I like to wander away from the busy platforms among the dark catacombs thickly crusted with soot and barely illuminated by flickering gas-jets, which have wavered in the gloom of decades. It requires some courage; the air is chill and damp; strange implements, some of them apparently invented by a child for the conveyance of luggage, and others designed for purposes which only an antiquary could identify, lie about in the gloom; vast cloakrooms gape for the reception of that cloak which the railway company is convinced that you carry and wish to abandon; barricaded inquiry offices remind you of the thousands of inquiries that will never receive any answer; you glance shudderingly into the refreshment rooms and wonder what depth of mortal weariness it is that can find refreshment there. Strange shadows, gigantic and discarded toys, lurk in the gloom; you feel that you have wandered into another age; panic seizes you; and you flee from these grim vaults with almost a sense of joy to the demented crowds of your fellow men who are joining in the witches' Sabbath of the departure platform.

You buy a ticket, in itself a marvelous piece of color-printing, an infinitely small, costly and perdurable thing. Whatever be the price of it, it is almost sure to end in fivepence

halfpenny or sevenpence halfpenny, thus providing you with two of the most useless sums of small change known to our currency. You hire a man (who has already been paid to do it) to carry your luggage to the train, and watch the foul ritual of label-gumming and trunk-destroying carried on before your eyes. That which will presently be set upon your white bedroom floor lies now in a pool of filth on the ground, and now amid the splintering ruins of what is called the luggage van, a heap of the partially despoiled carcasses of rabbits being very likely thrown upon it. And you leave it there and climb into a musty ark called a first-class carriage. I assume that you are pursuing your studies in a really antiquarian spirit, and steadfastly avoiding the smart corridor trains to Yarmouth or Cambridge. You therefore go by a stopping train. The carriage you enter is called First, not as you might suppose in accordance with any standard of comfort or with any idea of providing you with accommodation in proportion to the sum you have paid, but for the simple reason there is nothing better; things worse there are, called Second and Third; obviously what is not so bad as they must be First. And with a shriek and a jolt the crazy ark, in company of some dozen and a half other arks in various stages of decay, rumbles out into the sunshine and the malty breezes of Stratford.

Thus you obey the invitation of the railway company to "travel in luxury and comfort"; and with unbiassed mind pursue your investigations. The ark is a species of prison van divided into compartments; each is a trap in case of accident. If you were in any extremity no cry for help could reach the people in the traps on either side of you, nor, if it did, could they help you. There is a mechanism concealed in the roof of the carriage of which the chief

impression on any traveller's mind is the amount of the penalty to be inflicted for its improper use. Beyond that there is nothing except those wonderful notices that give you information about the luncheon basket. Here again you are back in the dark ages of travel, when to commit oneself a few miles upon the road was a considerable hazard, attended by fatigues and privations, which in fact are still in existence. Take the luncheon basket. The string of arks draws up at a station; you are hungry and exhausted; you think you will embark on the adventure of a luncheon basket. But though the railway owns hundreds of stations, each with its grim refectory, only about a dozen of them can cope with the complicated machinery of the luncheon basket, which, while it is no worse on the Great Eastern than on any other line, is from beginning to end a sheer superstition on the part of the railway companies.

At first sight it looks like a miniature arsenal; implements of every kind are slung in racks upon the lid; there is for a moment a deceptive and appetizing appearance of good cheer; but it is only for a moment. The antiquarian researches of the authorities have led them to assume that you will drink claret for lunch, although of all the people who use the railway not one in thirty of his own choice habitually drinks claret for lunch. You take off the cover and see a portion of the limbs of a dead fowl with a quantity of damp ham piled upon a plate; you take out the plate and immediately realize that there is nowhere to put it. You put it back in the basket and extract implements necessary to cope with it from the rack. But you find that the basket is so constructed that you cannot reach it, the implements are not long enough.

If you are wise you give up any attempt to divide your meal into a reg-

ular order of courses, and eat anything that you are able to extract. Finally you uncork the claret and drink a little, a very little, out of an ingenious glass, as narrow as a test tube, apparently designed by the company in a fit of remorse to prevent you from drinking anything at all. Then you notice that you are asked to restore all the articles to the places provided for them. You begin cheerfully enough, but when you have tried to refit the plate and the mustard, the knives, the bread, the cheese, and the salad—for they are all there still—you find that it is impossible. Either they have swollen or you have gone mad; there seem to be incredibly more things than when you started; and finally, ashamed and disgusted with the mess, you pile them in as best you may and push the basket out of sight under the seat, where it collects in its uncleanable crevices dust and microbes with which to garnish the next luncheon.

If you are in luck the train will stop at Mark's Tay, and as you have now in the course of some hours' travelling quite lost any panic fear that it will start unexpectedly you get out and watch the incredibly complicated evolutions that take place. Most railway companies like to have their platforms opposite each other, but the Great Eastern Company discovered a system whereby the confusion of two stations could be combined in one, by making the up platform begin where the down platform ends, so that the station altogether seems to be about a mile long. The chain of arks is broken at one point; there is to be shunting, and the station staff settle themselves to the rousing game. There is an engine, but it would be too simple to use that. A horse is brought up which, with brave staggering in the six-foot way, sets some of the arks in motion. When they have gone far enough some of them are again detached and allowed

to slide back with a bang into the rear of the train. Then the engine is detached with a loud noise and disappears like a rocket, apparently into space. A deep peace falls upon the scene; the horse retires into his shed and the staff melts away; there is not a sound but the murmur of voices and the drowsy hum of bees. After about ten minutes of apparently quite wanton and fantastic delay, a similar but perhaps more complicated evolution takes place, and the porters again rouse themselves to the game. For a quarter of an hour ensue more bumpings, staggerings of the horse, flying switches, and shrieking of brake blocks; with the final result that three arks have been detached from the train and sent into a siding where they will presently wander off among the happy fields of Lavenham. Then the

*The Saturday Review.*

engine reappears in the distance, as though it had forgotten something. It had; it had forgotten the train. But you will not forget the train, even if you never see it again; neither will you, however often you may use it or however familiar its sooty outlines may become to you, ever lose your sense of wonder and amazement at the rites and mysteries and ceremonies connected with it.

This is why people do not know much about Suffolk. It is more easy to go to China than to some parts of Suffolk; and though you were to cross the Himalayas into Tibet and penetrate to the very heart of Lhasa, you would encounter less quaint superstition and be involved in a less staggering ritual than that which you will meet with between Liverpool Street and Ipswich.

*Filson Young.*

## JAPANESE POETRY.\*

Prof. Chamberlain's singularly able volume seeks to give "a bird's-eye view of standard Japanese poetry as a whole," and this aim is fully realized. Well-ordered and succinct, keen in critical insight and abounding in illuminating detail, it makes clear for English readers the radical divergences separating the poetical ideals of Japan from those of the West.

Japanese poetry was in the beginning, as far as recorded history shows, little more than a form of recreation indulged in by a limited class, the Court, to which narrow circle it was exclusively confined. Its sole productions were to be found in the numerous anthologies issued from time to time by Imperial command, and the writers of these, as Prof. Chamberlain points out, displayed a spirit of docility altogether

appropriate in the circumstances, shunning any suspicion of vulgarity, looking always upward, never downward in the social scale, and lamenting such disasters as drought and famine, not for the sufferings of a starving population, but for the loss thereby entailed to the Imperial exchequer. The complete absence at this early period of anything in the nature of a popular element, corresponding, for example, with the English mediæval ballad circulating from mouth to mouth among the humbler classes, produces a sense of artificiality which even the more advanced productions of recent years do not entirely escape.

It is not surprising that poetry evolved under such conditions should busy itself almost exclusively with little things—little, that is, either in themselves or by reason of the treatment accorded to them—such as con-

\* "Japanese Poetry." By Basil Hall Chamberlain. (John Murray.)



gratulations, acrostics, the seasons, parting, and the like. Love itself, which can inspire epics, makes no attempt to do so through the medium of Japanese, epic grandeur of conception and execution being foreign to the trend of poetical thought. As in spirit, so in form, the miniature has always been the national desideratum. With the exception of the lyrical dramas, examples of which are given in Part III. of the present volume, there is no such thing as a long poem in the language, and the history of the various verse-forms successively in vogue is a history of condensation.

This history may, roughly, be divided into three main periods, illustrated by Parts I., II., and IV. of Prof. Chamberlain's work. Part I. consists of excerpts from the "Man-yōshū" or "Collection of a Myriad Leaves." This, which dates from the eighth century, was, we are told, "the first Japanese anthology proper"; its poems approximate in length to the various forms of the average English short lyric, and represent the Golden Age of Japanese poesy, yielding place in Part II. (selected from the "Collection of Odes, Ancient and Modern" belonging to the tenth century) to the "Short Ode" of 31 syllables, which, though temporarily displaced by the wider activities of the Golden Age, survived by reason of the national passion for brevity, and became the classical verse-form. In Part IV. the "Hokku" or 17-syllable poem—surely the apotheosis of brevity—is the subject of a learned and exhaustive treatise, to which is appended a small anthology of examples. We have spoken in former years of the "Hokku." Indigenous to Japan, and not easily transplantable into any European tongue, it furnishes perhaps the most striking illustration of the essential cleavage between Japanese and Western ideas and methods. Prof. Chamberlain describes it as "reminding

us less of an actual picture than of the title or legend attached to a picture"; and the description seems both apt and accurate. It is, as our author explains, the first half of the 31-syllable poem or "Shore Ode" already mentioned, the other half—to such a pitch had the craze for brevity risen—being left to the reader's imagination. But while some examples of the "Hokku" may fairly rank as little epigrammatic poems, clear-cut and gemlike—such as

But for its voice, the heron were  
A line of snow, and nothing more;  
or,

Did it but sing, the butterfly  
Might have to suffer in a cage;  
or, again,

Ah! yes, my passage through the world  
Is a mere shelter from a shower—  
others can make no such claim.

A wild goose alone in a shower at  
Hirosawa,  
and

November, with a butcher-bird  
Perched on a post on the open moor,  
answer precisely to Prof. Chamberlain's above-cited comparison, and give rise to a quaintly anomalous state of things from a Western point of view. It is as though one, lighting on a title for a picture, or a novel, or a poem, should deem himself accredited there and then with the picture perfectly painted, the novel complete and equipped with every excellence of plot, characterization, and style, or the poem with innumerable subtleties of thought and beauties of imagery; and all this has to lurk in the exiguous suggestions of seventeen syllables. It becomes in effect, in most cases, a shifting of the burden of composition from the poet's shoulders to those of his readers, and inevitably suggests the Horatian "Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio." To the irreverent it may recall the fran-

tic efforts of the average Briton to say all that is needed in a sixpenny telegram—usually with confusing results to the recipient.

It is in Part IV. that the principal value of the book lies. Though nominally devoted solely to the "Hokku" or poetical "Epigram," and to Basho, the supreme master of the epigrammatic art, his predecessors and disciples, it actually supplies a concise and lucid exposition of the whole history of Japanese poetry, laying due stress on the half-comprehended influence exercised by the literature of China. The fact that Chinese poetry had made itself known in Japan, principally in the form of "elegant extracts," may, thinks Prof. Chamberlain, have been the ultimate cause of the rigid code of "legislation" brought to bear, between 1087 and 1501, upon the then fashionable system of "linked verses." These, based on Chinese models, were finally limited in length to 100 hemistichs, and subjects, endings, and occasionally even phrases were arbitrarily commanded for each hemistich, with the result that the completed poem gave no continuous sense at all.

Of the translations which fill the greater part of the volume, those contained in Parts I., II., and III. first appeared some thirty years ago, when Prof. Chamberlain was apparently content with an approximate rendering. Since then he has "gone over to the camp of the literalists," and the renderings appended to Part IV. are, without exception, literal. The change is to be commended, for it is only by such translation that we can hope to come at the spirit of a language so widely different from our own. Anything in the nature of an approximate

The Athenaeum.

version runs the risk of importing some leaven of Occidentalism, and thereby falsifying the impression which ought to be conveyed.

Space forbids us to pursue further the numerous paths of comparison and speculation opened up by Prof. Chamberlain's fascinating book, except in respect of a passage on p. 204, which is helpful in deciding what common ground, if any, exists for English poetical ideals and those of Japan. The trend of modern Japanese criticism is, we are told, to concede supremacy to no literature other than its own, and in consequence Japanese critics are busy turning all their geese into swans. Such easy assumption, not unknown in Europe, doubtless explains the discovery by one of them of "that absolute transparency and truth to nature which are of the essence of the epigram," in the words

Oh! how cool, dangling one's legs over  
the veranda!

But the fact that the serious enunciation of such a criticism should be seriously accepted goes far towards satisfying the present writer, at least, that common ground between English verse and Japanese, if it exist, is of the narrowest.

The negative sense of humor which makes, or should make, certain expressions impossible in English can hardly be realized by a foreigner, and even brings some of our own poets to grief. It is one of the most delicate tests of style and language. On the other hand, we get what seems to us an adorable quaintness at its best when such writers as Mr. Yoshio Markino strive to give expression to their newfound delight in England and English.

## AERIAL LAW.

It is said that the Aerial Navigation Act, 1911, which received the Royal assent on June 2nd, is the first attempt of the Legislature of any State to control the flight of aircraft; and, if this be so, the measure deserves at least passing recognition. This statute empowers a Secretary of State to prohibit, under severe penalties, the navigation of aircraft over any prescribed area; and it will be remembered that Mr. Churchill issued a decree, in the form of a Russian ukase, forbidding flights over the metropolitan area during the period devoted to the Coronation. Amidst the stir and stress of this busy summer, the novel decree did not attract much attention; but it appears that, for the purpose of protecting the public from danger, a Secretary of State may apply such an order to the navigation of aircraft over a prescribed area, "either at all times or at such times or on such occasions only as may be specified, and either absolutely or subject to such exceptions or conditions as may be specified." Dipping into the future during the eighteenth century, Erasmus Darwin foretold the coming of a time when the arm of steam would

On wide waving wings expanded bear  
The flying chariots through the field  
or air.

And the march of human invention in the domain of air has been distinctly rapid of late. We have just had a fleet of aircraft hurtling over our heads at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, contending for the prize in a "European circuit" contest. "Providence," said Richter, "hath given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea"; and these two nations are now seen struggling, in friendly strife, for that which Jean Paul ironically declared to be the birth-

right of Germany, "the empire—of the air."

Already writers in the Press are demanding "international legislation" as a safeguard against invasion; while suggestions are made as to the possibility of smuggling a cargo of goods by air—involving fearful danger to Tariff Reform projects—and fears are expressed as to mishaps resulting in broken heads and damaged homesteads. Those who are more directly interested in aviation protest that it is in an "experimental stage," and its progress ought not to be hampered by "irksome restrictions." As to certain cases, the chairman of the Aero Club is reported to have declared that they fall "within the province of our common law. Take, for instance, a claim for trespass in the air. Damages can be obtained in the ordinary way." But is this so clear?

It is, we believe, a moot point with the lawyers whether the ownership of land carries with it the exclusive possession of the column of air situate immediately above it, or whether the owner can only complain in case there is some material interference with his enjoyment of the surface. Many years ago, Lord Ellenborough, it seems, doubted whether an aeronaut would be liable to an action of trespass at the suit of the occupier of every field over which his balloon might happen to pass. But, however this may be, there cannot arise much difficulty, we should suppose, as to the position of a man who undertakes to propel a modern "heavier-than-air" machine over his neighbor's land. The circumstances which attended the death of the French War Minister, the injury to his colleague, and other recent accidents, seem to show clearly enough that the flight of such a machine involves peril

so grave as to constitute its passage an invasion of the rights of the landowner. The presence of even a single aviator, circling around or shooting through the air, introduces serious risk, not merely to property, but also to life or limb.

The Aerial Navigation Bill, as presented to the House, made it highly penal to navigate an aircraft "recklessly or negligently, or in a manner which is dangerous to the public." But this vague proposal did not pass muster. Such, indeed, are the difficulties of observation and identification, that any legislation of this perfunctory kind, inadequate as it has been shown to be in the case of motor-cars, would prove quite futile when applied to aircraft in rapid motion a thousand feet above the surface of the earth. It may, however, soon become of urgent necessity to devise some checks upon reckless or dangerous aviation such as would operate even where no mishap has actually occurred. But upon what lines would legislation proceed? Is there any ground for believing that the statutory restrictions would be based on the principle of attaining the greatest happiness of the greatest number? We fear not, when we reflect upon the complete failure of existing legislation to suppress the frightful abuses of the motor-cars, which minister to the pleasure of a few at the expense of the whole popu-

*The Economist.*

lation; the daily destruction of life in the streets of our towns, and even in our country lanes; the grave damage to house property; the noises which make night and day alike hideous; the disease-scattering dust; and finally the wholesale destruction of roads, whose maintenance, often at double the old cost, falls upon the general ratepayer. But after years of experience there seems to be no chance of obtaining from Government Departments or Parliament any amendment in the laws regulating motor traffic. And why? Probably because most influential people are motorists.

An acute lawyer confesses he can propound no practical method whereby a private citizen could, under existing laws, enforce his rights or protect himself against peril or apprehended loss from aircraft. One learned writer suggests, as a preliminary to more drastic measures, that blank cartridge should be fired as an invitation to the airman to fly away or alight, just as a gunboat warns a trawler fishing in prohibited waters by firing, in the first instance, a blank shot across the trawler's bows! But the problem, even if approached on these lines, seems insoluble where the danger arises from some unknown craft, 1,000 or 1,500 feet above the surface of the land, travelling with the velocity of an express train.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Charles E. Van Loan's "The Big League" (Small, Maynard & Co.) contains nine short base ball stories, each of independent interest although the same characters reappear in several. The author is apparently well-versed in the slang of the "bleachers," which he uses fluently. The stories are spirited

but pitched on rather a high key and with a superfluity of fracas and knock-outs.

The two latest volumes in the "First Folio" Shakespeare present the first and second Parts of Henry the Fourth. One has for frontispiece a view of

Warkworth Castle and the other a view of Westminster Abbey. Miss Charlotte Porter, who is now the sole editor, furnishes notes, an excellent introduction, a glossary, lists of variorum readings and bits of selected criticism. All the editorial work is painstakingly done, and in typography and all mechanical details the volumes leave nothing to be desired. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Certainly an enticing anthology is "The Book of Love," edited with an introduction by Madison Cawein, and presenting twelve groups of selections in prose and verse, expressing all phases and aspects of the great passion,—its tenderness, its unreason, its caprices, its tragedies. Writers ancient and modern, from Theocritus and Sophocles to Tennyson and Swinburne are drawn upon and there is almost as wide a range in sentiment as in source. There are several illustrations from drawings by W. T. Benda, and in form the book is a dainty companion to Mable's Book of Christmas and Lucas's The Gentlest Art. The Macmillan Co.

"The Sovereign Power," by Mark Lee Luther, is almost as up-to-date as a daily paper, and rather more exciting. A young and charming American girl, travelling abroad with her aunt and uncle, becomes interested suddenly and simultaneously in aeroplanes, a Servian prince and a penniless American inventor whom she has met and liked before. The story is a rather simple tale of her struggles to keep her love-affairs straight and at the same time to help the Servian prince outwit his diabolically clever diplomatic enemies. The book is entertaining and the superficial characterization telling, particularly in the case of the heroine's shrewd American uncle. The Macmillan Company.

A pleasant style, a discriminating selection of facts, and an impartial historical spirit are combined in Dr. William Elliot Griffis' latest book, "China's Story." The rise of the Tartars, the slow evolution of a national spirit, the feudal system, and the great Mongol invasions of China and Europe are vividly described. The chapter on Chinese socialism is full of curious interest for the student of modern economics. The more recent developments, the influence of missions and the problems of the future are effectively treated. Numerous illustrations and an excellent outline of chronology add to the value of this compact and interesting volume. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Etta Anthony Baker, already pleasantly known as a writer of books for girls, opens a series for boys with a book called "The Captain of the S. I. G.'s." These mystic initials stand for a boys' club, the Staten Island Giants, formed chiefly for base ball but having other uses besides. The captain of the club differs from most boy-heroes in being quite human and endowed with some faults. He and his most intimate friend, Sidney Armstrong, have various exciting experiences not only at base ball, but in racing, swimming, and off shore in a tug; and an element of older interest is supplied in the vicissitudes of young Armstrong's parents. The story is brightly told and well illustrated. Little Brown & Co.

In "The Case of Paul Breen" by Anthony Tudor, are involved a forsaken woman, a deceived husband, a child bearing a name not rightly his, a runaway girl whose corpse is found after a railway accident in a trunk in a burning freight-car, a brother suspected of having shipped it in a trunk to conceal murder, an aberration of memory,



following injuries received in a laboratory, a villainous rival, an unjust verdict, a blind court-crier with an infallible instinct for truth in the voice, an ambitious politician, a jealous wife, two beautiful girls, a young professor of chemistry, a return of memory with a repetition of the original experiment, and an explosion which kills the villain at the same time that it clears the hero and ends the book. L. C. Page & Co.

A volume of so great and obvious value that it is amazing that it has not been presented before is "The Holy Gospel," edited by Frank J. Firth, and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. In this volume the editor has placed side by side in four parallel columns the King James version of the four Gospels, the English Revised version, the American Revised version, and the Roman Catholic or Douay version. This arrangement makes it possible to compare at a glance, verse by verse, the different versions. A brief history of the several versions and a subject-index add to the value of the volume. Attractively printed and bound in an octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, the book,—in furtherance of the editor's purpose to promote a more careful study of the gospels—is sold at the low price of one dollar.

The "Miss Billy" of Eleanor H. Porter's readable novel, is a bright, generous-hearted girl of eighteen, orphaned, though not penniless, and quite alone in the world. The natural misunderstanding which leads her father's old college chum—a widower of many years, living with his two bachelor brothers, their butler and their Chinese cook—to welcome her to the old Beacon Street house which

they have named the "Strata" on account of the different fads represented on its different floors, the confusion which follows the appearance of an attractive girl instead of the expected boy, the hasty introduction of a chaperone, and the prompt transformation of the household routine make a lively opening for a plot which gradually develops a love interest involving all three brothers and keeping the reader in agreeable uncertainty to the last chapter. Amateur gardening and philanthropy diversify a story of a light, wholesome type not too common nowadays. L. C. Page & Co.

In describing his studies and observations as "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts" Mr. Thomas Learning has produced a noteworthy and illuminating record of English legal procedure which American readers, whether lawyers or laymen, will find extremely interesting. It pictures accurately the London courts, and the habits and activities of those who practise in them. It throws light upon the different functions of barristers and solicitors,—a matter which will be new to many Americans, even those of the legal fraternity. It describes in detail the traditions, processes and involved etiquette of the English courts and outlines the methods which make possible a speedy settlement of all sorts of cases. Constantly the English and American courts are compared,—fairly but with no disparagement of American methods; and both civil and criminal proceedings are carefully analyzed. A scintillating humor and bits of piquant description make the book the easiest reading even for a layman. There are a half dozen photographic illustrations reproducing oil sketches by the author. Henry Holt & Co.